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JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR TO NIAGARA FALLS

IN THE YEAR 1805,

BY TIMOTHY BIGELOW.

With an Introduction by a Grandson.

“Vita enim mortuorum in memoria vivorum est posita.” — CIC.

BOSTON:

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1876.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS Journal of a Tour to Niagara Falls, now
for the first time printed, was lost sight of for
many years. Several months ago, an antiquarian
friend brought it to me, saying it had been accidentally
found among some papers recently examined
by a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society.
Through the good offices of my friend, and
by the kindness of a relative to whose family the
papers referred to belonged, it has been given to
me, coupled only with the suggestion that I should
print it; a suggestion with which I feel it my duty
to comply. And I do this willingly, both as a
tribute of respect to the memory of an honored
ancestor, and because the Journal itself, written
more than seventy years ago, cannot fail to be
instructive and interesting at the present time. It
throws light on the condition of a section of our
country, then almost a wilderness, now teeming
with population. It describes the appearance of

the newly settled lands, the quality and products of the soil, the signs and development of mineral wealth, the diversified scenery, and the habits and manners of the people. The account, also, which it gives of the inconveniences and dangers of travelling in those times, and the whimsical distresses to which Mr. Bigelow and his companions were subjected, is graphic and entertaining. It may be not without profit to contrast our experiences of travelling in this age of steam, surrounded by so many appliances for comfort and luxury, with those narrated in this Journal. Perhaps it will result in looking back with less regret at what are called the “good old days,” and in cultivating a spirit of greater contentment with our own.

I have compiled from various sources, but chiefly from Lincoln’s “History of Worcester,” the following biographical sketch of the author:—

TIMOTHY BIGELOW was born in Worcester, April 30, 1767. He was the eldest son of Timothy and Anna Bigelow. His father, a gallant and distinguished officer in the Revolutionary war, served as major under Arnold in his expedition to Canada, and was taken prisoner in the assault on Quebec, Dec. 31, 1775. He remained in captivity until the summer of the year 1776, when he was ex-

changed. Soon after his return, he was commissioned as Colonel, and appointed to the command of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment in the Continental Army; a body noted for its intrepidity and discipline throughout the war, and on one occasion, during a review, receiving the marked commendation of Washington. At the close of the war, he was stationed at West Point, and afterwards assigned to the command of the arsenal at Springfield. Colonel Bigelow died March 31, 1790, in the fifty-first year of his age. He was an ardent and devoted patriot, who thought no dangers or sacrifices too great in the service of his country. A monument erected to his memory at Worcester in 1861, by his great-grandson, Timothy Bigelow Lawrence, attests his valor and his virtues.*

* These characteristic anecdotes are told of him:—

The American army in their quarters at Valley Forge displayed examples of constancy and resignation such as have been rarely paralleled. In this pressing danger of famine and a probable dissolution of the army, Colonel Bigelow convened a party of officers and soldiers at his head-quarters one evening, when the subject of abandoning the cause was fully discussed. Some argued that, as Congress could not clothe or feed them, they did not feel it to be their duty to leave their families and homes, to starve and freeze for a cause that was doubtful, if not desperate; while others, that they had lost confidence in the cause, &c. When all who wished had spoken, Colonel Bigelow arose and said: “I have listened to all the remarks of discontent offered here this evening; but, as for me, I have long since come to the conclusion to stand by the American cause, come what will. I have enlisted for life. I have cheerfully left my home and family. All the friends I have are the friends of my country. I

The subject of this Memoir began his education in the public schools of his native town. This then imperfect source of instruction was soon disturbed by the troubles of the times; and he entered the printing office of Isaiah Thomas, where he was occupied during two years. The passion for books was manifested amid the employments of the press, by the devotion of his leisure hours to the acquisition of the elementary branches of English and the rudiments of Latin. The spring of the year 1779 found him in the quarters of the Continental Army, posted to watch the British forces in Rhode Island, gaining the manly accomplishments a camp affords, and enjoying the frank courtesies of military life. Returning home, he pursued his studies for two years, under the kind superintendence of Benjamin Lincoln, a son of the Revolutionary General, and afterwards under the direction of the celebrated Samuel Dexter, then a student-at-law, who accompanied his scholar and presented him for admission at Harvard College in 1782. In college, Mr. Bigelow took high rank in a distin-

expect to suffer with cold and with hunger and fatigue, and, if need be, I shall lay down my life for the liberty of these colonies."

During the Revolution, many towns voted that they would have no slaves; and it is related of Colonel Bigelow that, when solicited to make sale of a slave whom he owned, he replied that, "while fighting for liberty, he never would be guilty of selling slaves."

guished class, and was graduated in 1786, with an unusual reputation for talents and culture. On Commencement Day, he took part in a forensic dispute,—“Whether Religious Disputation promotes the Interest of True Piety.” Adopting the profession of the law, he entered the office of Levi Lincoln, Sen., at Worcester, and remained there until the insurrection broke out in 1787, when he joined the army for a few weeks as a volunteer, and aided in sustaining the government against the wild designs of its internal enemies. He was admitted to the bar in 1789, and began in Groton the practice of his profession.* A friend thus writes of him in 1790: “His memory is remarkably tenacious. He possesses a delicate taste, and has a high relish for *belles-lettres*. His acquirements are great, his studiousness indefatigable, his fluency astonishing. He is a royal pleader.” In 1806, he removed to Medford, and, while resident there, had an office in Boston. His business was widely extended. For a long time, he was one of the leading counsel in Middlesex and Worcester Counties, and later became eminent at the Suffolk

* It may be an encouragement to young practitioners to know that Mr. Bigelow sat in his office six weeks without taking a fee, and then received a pistareen! But Lemrière says of him, “It is computed that during a practice of thirty-two years he argued not less than 15,000 causes.”

Bar, besides being retained in many of the important causes in Essex and Norfolk. Thoroughly versed in his profession, his power of analyzing the truth and presenting the evidence in the case, combined with his remarkable command of language, rendered him a highly popular advocate, and gave him great success in jury trials.* His large and constantly growing practice is a proof of the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries; and, if to this be added the general testimony to his reputation that has come down to us, he is entitled to be ranked among the ablest, as he was one of the most respected, lawyers of his day.

Amid the engrossing labors of his profession, Mr. Bigelow found time for occasional literary productions. He delivered an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, July 21, 1796; a Funeral Oration on Samuel Dana, Sen., before the Benevolent Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, at Amherst, N.H., April 4, 1798; a Eulogy on Washington before the Columbian Lodge of Masons, at Boston, Feb. 11, 1800; and an Address before the Washington Benevolent Society, at Boston, April 30, 1814. I take from

* In "Familiar Letters on Public Characters," Sullivan says, "Perhaps no man has spoken to so many juries."

the latter the following eloquent passage that deserves to be remembered. I also give extracts from his other addresses.

FROM THE ADDRESS BEFORE THE WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

“Thanks be to God, we still retain the right of expressing our opinions! Nor will we ever surrender it. It is our inheritance; for let it be remembered that our ancestors, from the moment of their first landing on these shores, were always free; that their resistance to Great Britain was not so much the effect of actual suffering as of apprehension of approaching danger. It was not the resistance of slaves, but of those who were determined never to become such. It is proverbial, in our country, that Boston is the cradle of liberty. It is not so much her cradle as her asylum, not so much her place of nurture as her citadel. If this were her birthplace, she must have been produced at once, as Minerva is said to have sprung forth from the brain of Jupiter, full-grown and complete in armor. Except a short exile at the commencement of the Revolution, this always was, and I trust always will be, her favorite abode.”

FROM THE PHI BETA KAPPA ORATION.

“Though humanity and benevolence be justly a part of our national character, yet as other nations are behind us, so we have not arrived at perfection. There still remains a wide field for the exercise of a generous

ambition. To revise, and mitigate in many cases, our codes of criminal law, by endeavoring to make a reformation of the offender, instead of his extirpation, the object of punishment; to transform our common places of confinement from seminaries of wickedness and villainy into schools of morality; to liberate the unhappy Africans from the horrors of a slavery equally unjust and inhuman; to promote an interchange of good offices, and a mild and pacific disposition among mankind,—objects like these are worthy the pursuit of the noblest minds. Some of them have already immortalized the names of Penn, Howard, and Wilberforce. Shall we be deterred? Shall we shrink in despair from objects of such magnitude? Is it chimerical to indulge a hope that even we may bear a conspicuous part in this noble pursuit? No. Remembering that in such a cause it is much more honorable to lead than to follow, we will lend our individual assistance, as circumstances may permit, and endeavor to give a tone to public opinion. If one man, by his personal exertion, could alleviate the distresses of thousands, scattered through all the countries of Europe,—nay, could gladden even the horrors of the East,—what may not numbers achieve? . . . Our country has already taught the world the true science of government, and the art to be free. She exhibits the example of a great people flourishing and happy, among whom, to the surprise of other nations, gradations in rank and exclusive rights are entirely unknown. Why, then, shall we not instruct the species in the arts of humanity, and the science of universal friendship? Is this general diffusion of philanthropy mere chimera and extravagance? If it be, I could almost wish that we

might still cherish the delusion. For what but the reality could be more grateful to benevolent minds, than a confident anticipation that the whole world would become a common country to each individual; that mankind would be but one family by practice as well as extraction, and thereby taste on earth the joys of heaven itself?"

FROM THE FUNERAL ORATION ON SAMUEL DANA, SEN.

"When we consider the wonderful structure of the human mind, its capacity for successive improvement from the dawn of infancy to the evening of old age, the passions and emotions by which it is ennobled, and the sublime tendency of its views; when, in short, we consider the immense disparity between this image of Deity and his fellow-tenants of this globe, the brute creation,—we revolt at the idea of annihilation, we shudder at the thought of sharing one common distinction, one eternal sleep, with the meanest insect. We cannot conceive that this exquisite specimen of creative omnipotence should be limited in its existence to a few years, when even monuments of human art survive the shock of ages. When, therefore, we see one who was distinguished by his virtues locked in the cold arms of death, and lying in ruin before us, we are impelled by a kind of instinctive reason, which seems common to all nations and times, to contemplate some vital spark, some divine ray, which had animated and illumined the man, as only separated, not extinguished; but with views more unconfined, powers more unlimited, and conceptions more sublime, still progressing in improvement, and

basking in the sunshine of divine benignity. . . . Scarce eight months have elapsed, my brethren, since in this place, on the occasion of the consecration of your Lodge, alike joyful to him and to you, you saw him invested with the ensigns of command, and heard the words of wisdom and brotherly love fall from his lips. But a few days are gone since your Lodge saw him in the east, affording you light and instruction, and directing your work. Not all his zeal for your welfare and happiness, his knowledge in the mysteries of the craft, nor the interest which he had in the affections of the brethren, could avert the stroke of death. Though he regulated his conduct by the square, and kept within compass; though he duly regarded the plumb line, and acted as in view of the all-seeing Eye,—we now behold the master builder prostrate before us, reduced by the great leveller of human greatness. But the testimonial roll shall long remain incorruptible, and the sprig of sweet remembrance shall flourish on his grave. While with funeral pomp and masonic honors we transfer the remains of our departed brother to the home of silence, in imitation of the wise Solomon, the second founder of our order, let us resolve to serve our Supreme Grand Master on high with a perfect heart and a willing mind; that so, being duly prepared, when we shall be transferred from the Lodge here below, we may gain admittance into the Sublime Lodge above, there to meet our departed brother, and perfect that affection which had its origin on earth."

FROM THE EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

“ His administration was a satire on those who are born to rule. Making the general good the sole object of his pursuit, and carefully distinguishing the attention which was due from him as an individual to the claims of relation and friendship from the duties he owed to the public, he never yielded to the influence of private partiality, nor stooped to the low policy of aggrandizing his family by the gifts of office. He bestowed employments on those only who added to integrity the qualities necessary to discharge them. Patient in investigation and cautious in research, he formed his resolutions with deliberation, and executed them with decision. Conscious of the purity of his motives, and satisfied with the propriety of his determinations,— daily estimating also the sacred duty of maintaining the constitutional rights of his office,— he was not to be soothed into dishonorable compliance by the blandishments of flattery, nor diverted from his purposes by the terror of numbers or the imposing weight of public character. When a revolution, unprecedented in its kind, had involved the European world in confusion, and the flame of war was spreading into other quarters of the globe, neither the insidious attempts of the emissaries of France, nor the treacherous arts of her American adherents, could induce him to hazard our quiet. Though himself a soldier, and equal to the emergencies of war, he perceived not only the true interests of his country, but justice and humanity, enjoined a continuance of peace. He therefore wisely adjusted the misunderstandings which threatened our tranquillity, and resolved on a strict neutral-

ity. Our own experience, and the events which have since transpired in other countries, have fully justified the measure. Yet, strange to tell, disappointed faction, despairing of success in an impeachment of his discernment or understanding, has dared here to arraign the purity of his motives. Circumstances seem to have placed him beyond the reach of suspicion. His wealth was more than sufficient for all the purposes of splendid enjoyment ; he had no posterity to inherit hereditary honors ; and he was surely too wise not to know that a crown would tarnish his glory,—that his own reputation was inseparably connected with the prosperity of his country,—that his fame would mount no higher than her eagle could soar. What more than he possessed could ambition pant for? What further had the world to bestow ? ”

While Free Masonry was in its palmy state in New England, Mr. Bigelow presided for two triennial terms over the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and in that capacity, with a splendid escort of craftsmen, in 1808 made a journey to Portland, to install the officers of the Grand Lodge of Maine. He early entered the Legislature of the Commonwealth, and was elected to a seat either in the Senate or House of Representatives, for a long series of years.

In 1802, he was a member of the Executive Council. In 1805, he was chosen Speaker of the House ; and for eleven years—eight of them in

succession — presided over this branch of the legislative department with signal ability and popularity.*

Entering warmly into the politics of the times, and entertaining the views of the opponents of the policy and measures of the General Government, he was a prominent member of the Federal party, and in December, 1814, was a delegate from Massachusetts to attend the Hartford Convention, with his colleagues, George Cabot, Harrison Gray Otis, and William Prescott.† In 1820, he was again a member of the Council; but before his term had expired he died of a typhus fever, at Medford, May 18, 1821.

Mr. Bigelow was endowed with ready appre-

* When Mr. Bigelow became Speaker of the House, then numbering seven hundred members, it is said that he could call them all by name on the third day after they had assembled.

† Perhaps at no time in our history has party spirit run so high as during the war of 1812-15. Unsparring censure and abuse were heaped upon the members of this famous assembly. Impartial judgment at this day will probably concede to the able and distinguished men who composed it honest and patriotic purposes, however mistaken in their political views. A well-known writer says: "That these men . . . acted from pure motives, the candid of their political opponents did not dispute. That they were fallible, their friends did not deny, . . . yet their views were much misrepresented for party purposes." And of the Convention: "It was charged with plotting against the Union; but there was nothing in the . . . resolves preparatory to the Convention, nor in their proceedings nor report, which was in favor of a separation of the United States from the Union, nor which could be fairly construed as implying or intimating such a measure."

hension and an active and inquisitive mind. Gathering knowledge with facility, exact method and systematic industry enabled him to compass a vast amount of reading. Exploring almost every branch of liberal science, he was peculiarly conversant with Theology, attaining sufficient proficiency in Hebrew to read the Old Testament in the original tongue. His retentive memory, varied information, and great conversational powers, joined to a vein of sparkling humor, eminently fitted him for social intercourse. There are those still living who may be able to repeat a few of his brilliant sayings and admirable repartee, but this is all that can now be related of his wit, which ever shone at the bar, in the halls of legislation, and at the festive board. He had many friends, and his society was grateful and endeared to all who knew him.

Mr. Bigelow was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and Vice-President of the American Antiquarian Society. He had strong rural tastes, and was active in establishing and conducting the Association of the Middlesex Husbandmen. He took great delight in horticulture, and may claim with others the merit of stimulating a taste which is now associated no less with science than with pleasure. His grounds on the

banks of the Mystic were famous for their beauty at that day, and long continued to be a conspicuous ornament of the town of Medford.*

His genial nature and attractive social qualities made his house the seat of hospitality. Graced by the exercise of domestic virtues, and the scrupulous observance of religious duties, his private life was as excellent as his public career was useful and honorable. He married, Sept. 30, 1791, Lucy, the daughter of the Hon. Oliver Prescott, for many years Judge of Probate for Middlesex County. They had a numerous family. His wife survived him thirty-one years, and died Dec. 15, 1852. She retained her youthful freshness and beauty, in a remarkable degree, to an advanced age.

In person, Mr. Bigelow was tall and slender, but well proportioned. He had a dark complex-

* In early manhood, while reading law in Worcester, the garden plot around the family homestead was embellished by him with such flowers and plants as could be obtained at that period. The same passion he naturally carried with him to Groton; and there, on taking possession of his house and farm, a well-chosen spot of ground was tastefully laid out, both for family uses and for pleasing and ornamental effects. His orchard, in connection with the garden, contained not only the common, but the rare varieties of fruit trees, making it altogether the best of the village and neighborhood. After his removal to Medford, in procuring trees he was fortunate in having the assistance of his friend and old-time client, the elder Theodore Lyman, whose tastes were congenial with his own, and who often sent from his Waltham nurseries standard stock trees, with a man to plant them, and furnished him with the first *espalier* which covered his fruit wall.

ion, black hair, and large, penetrating gray eyes. He was a man of dignified appearance, of erect and graceful carriage, and of very courteous manners. In an obituary notice, an intimate friend and contemporary* says of him, “To all in any degree acquainted with the history of this Commonwealth for the last thirty years, it is unnecessary to say any thing of the eminent stations and pre-eminent services sustained and performed by him. . . . Amply as this distinguished statesman and patriot filled his public offices, he was equally pre-eminent for the discharge of all the duties of a provident father, a kind husband, a hospitable neighbor, a liberal and enlightened Christian, a constant and sincere friend.” Of his funeral, the same writer says: “It was attended at Medford by a large concourse of afflicted and mourning relatives and friends, public functionaries, professional gentlemen and citizens, although it was not intended that the funeral should be a public one. . . . The pall was supported by His Excellency the Governor, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Judge Ward, the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and Samuel P. Gardner, Esq. The procession was long and solemn, and never was there an occasion when more

* Major Benjamin Russell, editor of the “Columbian Sentinel.”

genuine tears of sorrow were mingled with the consolation which the lives of the good and wise are calculated to afford."

The following notice appears on the records of the Suffolk Bar:—

"At a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Suffolk Bar, it was

"*Voted*, That it be recommended to the members of the Bar to wear crape for the period of thirty days, as a testimony of respect for the learning, talents, and virtues of their late associate, Hon. TIMOTHY BIGELOW.

"W. J. SPOONER,
"Secretary."

In the preceding pages, with but scanty materials at my command, I have been unable to give more than a brief outline of Mr. Bigelow's career. It has been observed that it is "among written memorials that we must look for those traits of talent and virtue which fix the destiny of character, and by which the false is detected and the true established." Mr. Bigelow has left few memorials of this class; yet those few, by their fervid eloquence and philosophic spirit, cause regret that more of his addresses, and some of his forensic arguments and political speeches (for of these latter none remain) had not been preserved. But they have been scattered to the winds; and his

reputation mainly depends on personal recollections, which are fast fading away. I indulge the hope, therefore, that this imperfect sketch of his life may serve to rescue his name and fame — at least for his descendants — from entire oblivion.

The Journal is printed from the manuscript, unchanged with the exception of the spelling, which I have modernized, when necessary. I have also supplied trivial omissions, and corrected occasional carelessness in composition, incidental to a journal written while travelling, and which the author had probably neither leisure nor inclination to correct after his return. In general, however, he will be found uncommonly accurate in his statements, — which I have verified by consulting contemporaneous accounts of the same region, — as he is happy in his choice of language and animated in his style.

I am indebted to my kinsman, Dr. SAMUEL A. GREEN, for constant and efficient interest in the revision of the Journal.

A. L.

BOSTON, June 10, 1876.

BIGELOW'S JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

J O U R N A L.

IN pursuance of an intention which some of us had entertained for many years, Timothy Williams, Esq., Mr. Samuel P. Gardner, Major John Williams, Mr. Nathaniel C. Lee, and myself, set off from Boston on the eighth day of July, in the year 1805, to visit the celebrated Falls of Niagara ; purposing, however, to examine all the natural curiosities to be met with in or near our route, which should not occasion too great a diversion from our main object, to return home by the way of Montreal and Lake Champlain.

Our first stage was to Wheeler's tavern in Framingham, twenty-three miles from Boston, to dine. This is a very good house ; both Wheeler and his wife are industrious and obliging. We proceeded next to Jennison's in Worcester, to sleep, nineteen miles. There was here a gentle shower in the evening. Jennison himself is coarse, clownish, and stupid ; but his wife is active and obliging, and it is entirely owing to her that this is a pretty good house. I went three miles further myself, to sleep at my mother's, in the Worcester village.

July 9th. To Hobart's in Leicester, to breakfast, nine miles. This is a tolerable house. Governor Strong and a Miss Allen, who was going with him to visit his family at Northampton, breakfasted here also. The Governor, we found, would have stopped at Jennison's to sleep the night before ; but, having seen us stop there, he had proceeded further, and slept at Johnson's, near the court-house in Worcester. To Hitchcock's in Brookfield, to dine, fifteen miles. Governor Strong had set out from Leicester before us ; but we had passed him rather rudely in Spencer, owing to the thoughtlessness of our driver. Having slackened our pace till he again overtook us, we made the best apology for our incivility which the case admitted, by laying the blame where it properly belonged. Our apology was accepted. Mr. Dwight, of Springfield, met us at Hitchcock's, and advised us to take the route by Springfield to Ballston. We satisfied ourselves, however, by an inspection of the maps, that we should make an angle to the southward from a straight line, even by going through Northampton, and that the evil would be increased by going through Springfield. To Mellin's in Belchertown, to sleep, eighteen miles : a good house. Mellin was from Sturbridge in the county of Worcester. We met here with a gentleman horse-jockey, from Conway, who was very inquisitive and communicative, and assumed the direction of the conversation ; he was particularly careful to mention the familiarity of his acquaintance with men of note.

July 10th. To Northampton, Clarke's, to dine, fifteen miles ; a very good house. We here visited a warehouse stored with silkworms just beginning to spin their pods ; from the worms we saw it was expected that from thirty

to forty pounds of sewing-silk would be manufactured, which would be worth ten dollars per pound. We visited Governor Strong at his house, where we were very politely received. We met there Mr. Hinckley and other company.

The famous tract of interval in this town called the Great Rainbow is not within sight of the great road, as we supposed, but is situated further down the river, and is of a much superior quality to that through which the road passes. Connecticut River seldom or never lower than when we passed it. To Bailey's in Chesterfield, fourteen miles, to sleep; a good house. The landlord heard at Hartford that we should be at his house this night, and had therefore rode fifty miles in the afternoon and evening, to be at home to attend upon us.

July 11th. To Mills's in Worthington, to breakfast, seven miles; a good house, uncommonly neat. Two miles after leaving Bailey's, we passed Westford River at a place where the stream has forced a passage through rocks which now rise many feet perpendicularly on either side. Colonel Woodbridge, of Worthington, made us a visit while breakfast was preparing. To Merrick's in Pittsfield, twenty miles, to dine; this is an ordinary house. Called on John C. Williams, Esq. His accomplished daughter entertained us with a performance on the piano-forte. We left the direct road to New Lebanon Springs, and made a deviation of four miles to view the village and observe the manners of the Shakers, at the confines of Pittsfield and Hancock. The number here is about one hundred and fifty; at their village at New Lebanon, they estimate their number at three hundred. At the Hancock village, we saw Daniel Goodrich,

Jr., son of the principal overseer, or man of *ease*, as they call him, who showed us their garden, where we regaled ourselves with currants and gooseberries in great abundance. He next conducted us into a small, neat house, which he told us the society had erected for the purpose of receiving and entertaining visitors, and which was neatly and commodiously fitted up for that purpose, being even furnished with beds. Having refreshed ourselves with a draught of excellent cider, we took our leave.

The extent of the Shakers' lands is easily ascertained by the most transient observer; for they are more highly cultivated, laid out with more taste and regularity, and much better fenced than any other in their vicinity. To the New Lebanon Springs, the direct course from Pittsfield here is seven miles.

July 12th. At the New Lebanon Springs, made trial of the water for bathing, and found it highly grateful, beyond comparison the most so of any which either of us had ever experienced. The temperature is between 72 and 73° of Fahrenheit. A copious stream runs through the bath while one is using it, so that you not only have the water in great quantity, but it is continually changing. A *saponaceous* quality with which it seems impregnated leaves the skin in a soft vellum-like state, particularly favorable to insensible perspiration. We found some company at Hull's, the occupant of the house of entertainment at these springs; among others, were two agreeable young ladies from New York, daughters of Mr. Jay, the late Governor of that State. The accommodations here are, upon the whole, pretty good, though they might be still improved.

At half-past nine o'clock this morning, left Hull's, and proceeded for Albany. The first part of the road along the Kinderhook Creek was very fine. We stopped at Sehermerhorn's in Stephentown, an ordinary house, nine miles ; the mills near this house, by giving a sprightliness to the place, are its chief recommendation. Amongst other water-works, we here observed a carding-machine. These ingenious contrivances for saving labor have surprisingly multiplied in the country of late. I have found them at all favorable spots, from the further shore of the Winnipiseogee to the North River. The growth of timber in this neighborhood is much the same as in the county of Worcester ; we saw no chestnut-trees after leaving Connecticut River till we reached Pittsfield ; even here, they have not recovered their full size, but grow rather in a resemblance to apple-trees. To Strong's in Schodaek, or Phillipstown, or Union, or New Store, seven miles, to dine ; a pretty good house. Met here with a Mr. Jonathan Hoag, a zealous Federalist, who assured us that within two years Federalism would again come in fashion ; he related to us the circumstances of his first settling in this place in 1775. It was then in a state of nature ; now he informed us he had two or three thousand bushels of wheat growing in sight, as well as prodigious quantities of hay. He owns most of the buildings in the village, and is not only a wealthy, but a liberal and frank man. A few thousand such would renovate good politics through the Union. Valletjeskill is the stream that turns Hoag's mills. Mr. Charles Taylor, of Boston, and his father, came up in the stage, and dined with us at this house. To Gregory's in Albany, twelve miles ; an excellent house. The latter

part of the road to this place is undulating, and not a little dangerous for want of railing, as the sides of the ground have been raised across valleys. Towards evening, a shower to the northward, at no great distance, seemed to promise us relief from the heat and dust with which we had been greatly oppressed this day; but it passed off without affording us the desired refreshment, and we afterwards found that it had watered but a narrow tract of country, although the rain was copious where it fell.

I was much gratified with the sight of the Hudson, which I had never seen before. It was more respectable in magnitude than we had anticipated. It is amusing in travelling thus into the interior country, where one seems to be embosomed in the woods, to come forth at once into a view of this noble stream, and to see the swelling canvas of commerce gliding among the forest trees. The Hudson seems to be equally useful by affording an easy and excellent communication with the ocean, and by annually overflowing, and thereby fertilizing its extensive shores. The ferry to Albany might be very commodious; but a dispute between the corporation of that city and the Patroon, so called, occasions much embarrassment and inconvenience to travellers.

July 13th. Viewed the place, and found many objects to excite attention, and gratify the curiosity of a man who had never before been out of New England. The old Dutch church and many other ancient Dutch buildings, in the Gothic style, are striking monuments of the taste of the age and nation of the first settlers here. But Dutch fashions and language, and even Dutch inhabitants, seem to be fast wearing out. All the new build-

ings are on an improved construction, and one would now almost as soon think of employing a Dutch drawing-master here, as a Dutch architect. The new Dutch church is a handsome building ; it is ornamented in front with two towers or balconies, which enclose a portico crowned with a pediment supported by four large Doric pillars. There is but little ornament to be seen within, except about the pulpit ; the stairway leading to that is supported by delicate pillars in two spiral rows, and has on either side a light balustrade or railing : some fancy is also displayed in the open iron-work over the sounding-board. We took a carriage here, and made an excursion to the Cohoes Falls, in the Mohawk River, somewhat less than ten miles from Albany. We judged the width of the river at the falls to be one thousand feet ; there was not water enough to cover the whole extent. The principal current is near the middle of the bed, where there is a horseshoe or crescent-like excavation in the rock, with the convex part projecting up stream. The falls are probably further up the river now than heretofore, because the banks for a considerable distance below are nearly perpendicular, and entirely of rock ; the rock is of a hard slate kind, and it has a peculiar curl in the grain, which gives it the appearance of petrified wood ; the strata of the slate, in many places, appeared to be much inclined to the plane of the horizon, and even approached a perpendicular position.

In approaching near the precipice which constitutes the fall,—to the very edge of which, owing to the scarcity of water, we could walk dry-shod near half the way across,—there were discernible several transverse fissures in the rock, indicating that large masses of it, at no great dis-

tance of time hence, will fall. Excavations are also made near the precipice, by small stones obtaining a lodgement on the bed-stone, and then wearing it away by a rotatory motion occasioned by the current: some of these excavations are already large caverns, and must at some future time occasion a further divulsion of the rock; such appearances are common at most waterfalls. The height of the Cohoes Falls is computed to be about seventy feet. The descent is nearly perpendicular. The dark color of the rock forms a very striking contrast with the milky whiteness of the falling water.

Nothing here struck us with more surprise than the contemptible appearance of the river for several rods below the cascade. At Schenectady, a few miles above, it is from fifty to one hundred rods wide; here every drop of water passes through a channel in the rock, not more than eighteen feet wide.

We went to Waterford to dine. This place is situated at the confluence of the Hudson with the upper mouth of the Mohawk, and from the shape of the land occasioned by this confluence is called Half-Moon point. There is another mouth of the Mohawk about a mile further down, and another about two miles more below that; these mouths, together with the Hudson, form therefore two islands, which are of considerable extent. There is at Waterford a bridge over the Hudson, the first to be met with in passing up that river. It is above the junction with the Mohawk, and the rapids stop all navigation from there, about half a mile below it. One is a little disappointed in not finding more water in the Hudson at this place; it is but ten miles above Albany, where it is a noble stream. The difference, however,

must be occasioned in a great measure by the tide's rising below, but which never reaches the bridge; it rose two and a half feet this day at Troy. Demarest's Hotel, at Waterford, an excellent house. We met here with Mr. Penniman, a bookseller at Troy; he was acquainted with me, and insisted on returning with us immediately to Troy, although he had just come from there with another gentleman, Mr. Edes, to visit the Cohoes. Mr. Penniman's store is well furnished with books, and he exhibited to us some specimens of his own printing and binding, which do credit to our country. Mr. Edes had just been fitting up here a ruling-machine of his own invention, for which he has a patent. Mr. Penniman put it in operation for our amusement; we thought it a very ingenious contrivance, and that it fully answered the use for which it was intended.

The passage of the river by the ferry at Troy was much more agreeable to us than that near Albany, because we could here land on dry ground, and not be obliged to wade through the mud on the shore, as we had been there. Our whole route this day, out and back, twenty-three miles. The weather this day was everywhere extremely hot; but in the upper chamber at Albany, where we slept, it was almost insupportable, even in the night. The thermometer stood at 84° in our chamber window, at daylight.

Mr. Lee now first communicated his intention not to proceed with us any further. We therefore adjusted our accounts with him, dismissed our Boston carriage, and engaged an extra stage carriage to transport the remainder of the party to Ballston Springs to-morrow.

July 14th. We proceeded to Schenectady to breakfast,

fifteen miles, Beals's tavern ; a good house. A new turnpike is making from Albany to this place ; it is constructed in a very durable manner, with a pavement covered with hard gravel. That part which is completed is now an excellent road ; the remainder will soon be equally good. It was not disagreeable to us to be informed that this road, and indeed all the other turnpikes, and most other recent works which we met with, which required uncommon ingenuity or labor, were constructed by Yankees.

Schenectady seems not to be a word fitted to common organs of speech. We heard it pronounced Snacketady, Snackedy, Ksnackidy, Ksnactady, Snackendy, and Snackady, which last is much the most common. To Ballston, Bromeling's, sixteen miles ; a most excellent house. We found here about forty guests, but understood there were upwards of two hundred at Aldrich's, McMasters's, and the other boarding-houses near. Bromeling himself has accommodations in the first style for one hundred and thirty persons.

We met with but few people here from Massachusetts. Mr. Henry Higginson and his wife, Mr. Bingham, the bookseller, and his family, were all we knew. The mineral water was not agreeable to us all upon the first experiment ; but with others, and myself in particular, it was otherwise. It is remarkably clear and transparent ; the fixed air, which is continually escaping from it, gives it a sparkling appearance, and a lively and full taste, not unlike to that of brisk porter or champagne wine, while one is actually drinking. After the draught is finished, the chalybeate taste prevails. The temperature is that of common well water, from 50 to 52° of Fahrenheit.

heit. By pouring the water from one vessel to another till the fixed air is all dislodged, it loses its transparency, and becomes a smoky color and nauseous to the taste. A small quantity of brandy mixed with it, when first taken from the fountain, communicates to it an opaque black color ; a deposit is made in a few hours of a black sediment, and the water is left clear again, but bereft of all its good qualities. Some springs, which for many years have afforded the water in perfection, have, without any apparent cause, lost their distinguishing properties, while others have as unexpectedly acquired them ; some springs also, which possess these properties, are now found within a few feet of springs and streams of common water. The quantity of mineral water that may be drank with impunity, and perhaps with advantage, is surprising : it is not uncommon for some persons to drink four or five gallons in a day. There is danger, however, by a too free use of it at first, incurring a diarrhoea. Using a proper caution in this respect, there can be no doubt that the use of it may be advantageous to languid and feeble stomachs, that it promotes digestion and exhilarates the spirits. Sulphur is to be found on the surface of the earth near the springs, in a state almost pure ; and, where a fire has run over some ground in the vicinity, it affords a smell like that of gunpowder.

July 15th. We took a carriage, together with Mr. Higginson and his wife, and went up to Saratoga Springs, out and home twenty miles. We drank of Congress, Columbia, Washington, and Great Rock springs. The water at all these springs is much the same as at Ballston ; the principal difference amongst them all arises from the different degrees with which they are impreg-

nated with their peculiar mineral properties. The great rock itself is a curiosity; it is of lime, which is the prevailing stone in all this region. The rock was probably formed by the concretion of the lime contained in the water. This supposition is the only satisfactory way to account for the extraordinary aperture through it; for that this aperture is natural, the irregularities of its shape leave very little doubt. The population of Ballston has wonderfully increased within a few years. There are already in it four meeting houses, a court-house, and a considerable population, beside the village which has grown up about the springs, and which can afford accommodations for near one thousand guests.

The soil in the neighborhood appears to be good, great quantities of grain and grass are growing upon it, and the young orchards everywhere to be seen appear to thrive. When the stumps and dead trees which now encumber every field shall be cleared off, the prospect in this vicinity will be agreeable, if not beautiful. The soil in and about Saratoga is principally pine plain, light and sandy. There is a small village with pretty accommodations for guests near the Great Rock spring; but the principal resort is at Ballston. Were it not for that place, Saratoga would become of much more importance than it ever can be while the Ballston waters retain their properties. The resemblance in the qualities of the water at both places renders it probable that all the intermediate country is impregnated with them, and thus we can conceive how so large and constant a waste can be supplied without a perceptible diminution.

July 16th. Returned to Schenectady. We passed the Kayadeross Creek between Ballston and Schenectady,

as also between Ballston and Saratoga. Just as we were leaving Bromeling's, Messrs. Harrison, Gibbs, and others, arrived there from South Carolina, and informed us that in a day or two they should follow us to Niagara.

An unfortunate man at Bromeling's occasioned no small uneasiness among the guests there, from an apprehension that he had upon him the elephantiasis, or some such infectious disease. Major Williams, who had seen the elephantiasis, did not hesitate to pronounce this man's disorder to be of that kind. Certain it is his appearance was frightful, both from a dark, livid, and bloated appearance of his skin, and the peculiar wild and lion-like glare of his eyes, insomuch that all the company at the house had inquired out and carefully avoided the bath which he used, gave directions that their clothes should not be washed at the same time with his, and were even solicitous, at table or elsewhere, not to be to leeward of him or very near him. The reputation of the house was in danger, and it was reported at the other boarding-houses in the neighborhood that Bromeling had a guest who was afflicted with a highly infectious and dangerous disease. At the request of many of the guests, Dr. Stewart, of Baltimore, represented to Bromeling their uneasiness with this man's company. Bromeling thereupon desired him to leave his house immediately, which he accordingly prepared forthwith to do; not, however, without expressing great offence that any one should suppose his disease infectious, which he affirmed to be false. He said that his disorder was only a want of free circulation of the blood through the proper vessels; but why may not such a disease be

infectious? A Mr. Seaman of New York, whom we met at the springs, we found a very companionable, agreeable, and intelligent man.

The Mohawk River at Schenectady is about the size of the Merrimack at Salisbury, in New Hampshire. The temperature of the water at the ferry where we passed it, both at the sides and in the middle of the stream, we found to be 86° of Fahrenheit.

Schenectady is a considerable place, containing about three or four thousand inhabitants, a college, several houses of public worship, &c. There is here one steeple, which considerably resembles that in Charlestown, Massachusetts, near the bridge. This place is said to have been a favorite resort of the Mohawk Indians, and a spot is shown near the town, where many hundred Mohawk warriors usually resided. The situation is pleasant in itself, and probably from the fertility of the soil in its neighborhood must formerly have abounded with game.

We slept at Beals's. July 17th, we took the western stage in company with a Mr. Row, a gentleman from Virginia, who was about to engage in trade at Geneva, on the Seneca Lake. We crossed over to the north side of the Mohawk soon after setting out, to Schwartz's (still in Schenectady), a poor house, seven miles; thence to Pride's in Amsterdam, nine miles. Pride's is a handsome limestone house, built about fifty years since, as we were informed, by Sir William Johnson, for his son-in-law, Guy Johnson. Although this house was designed for a baronet's palace, it is now improved as a very ordinary tavern. A peculiar kind of bush or acacia tree grows in this neighborhood.

To Abel's in Amsterdam, situated on Trapp's Hill, opposite to the mouth of Schoharie River and the old Fort Hunter, to dine. The prospect to the south-west is extensive and romantic, exhibits an agreeable mixture of hills and plains, diversified with extensive forests almost in a state of nature, and cultivated fields scarce less extensive, now covered with a rich harvest of ripening wheat. The prospect was the principal thing which we found in this place to recommend it. The tavern is a poor one, and our dinner of course was miserable. Four miles to Shepard's, in Canajoharie, to sleep. Seventeen miles in this stage, we passed a remarkable precipice terminating in a promontory, which approaches almost to the river, called St. Anthony's Nose. The country on each side of the river is generally mountainous, and in some places there is hardly space between the cliffs and the water sufficient for a road. At Shepard's is a new wooden bridge over the Mohawk, two hundred and fifty feet long, consisting of a single arch. It is already ruinous and considerably bent, and seems very likely to fall soon. We thought it not impossible that it might fall while we were on it. John Nazro, formerly of Worcester, trades about half a mile from this bridge, on the southerly side of the river. We saw near his house a field of *Palma Christi*, which we were told he was cultivating for the purpose of manufacturing castor oil. The Mohawk in many places was shoal, and interrupted with so many islands and sand-banks that we were often at a loss to conceive how loaded boats could pass, and yet we saw several going up-stream with heavy loads.

Shepard would keep a good tavern, if his wife was as

attentive, neat, and active as he is. The reverse, however, is the case. He is even obliged to do her duty as well as his own. As might be expected, therefore, we found the beds preoccupied by domestic inhabitants, who threatened us with a bloody reception if we attempted to repose there. We declined the combat, and preferred sleeping on the floor. We rose next morning much more refreshed than our accommodations had given us reason to expect.

July 18th. To Carr's at Little Falls, to breakfast, twenty miles; a very good house. In this stage, we passed the East Canada Creek. Observed for the very first time the cypress-tree. The gloomy, melancholy air of this tree, and the deep shade which it casts, resulting from the downward direction of its branches, as well as the form and color of its leaves, have very properly marked it out as emblematical of mourning.

On approaching the Little Falls, we observed undoubted marks of the operation of the water on rocks, now far out of their reach, particularly the round holes worn out by pebbles kept in a rotatory motion by the current, so common at all falls. It is certain that heretofore the falls must have been some ways further down stream, and have been much greater than they now are, and that the German flats, and other low grounds near the river above, must have been the bed of a lake. The falls occupy about half a mile. In some spots, the river is so crowded between rocks, that one might almost pass across it; in most places, however, it is broken into a number of streams by irregular masses of limestone rock. There is here a commodious canal for the passage of boats cut round these falls. The whole fall is fifty-four

feet; and there are five locks, in each of which the fall is ten feet, besides the guard-lock, where it is four. The locks are constructed of hewn stone, and are of excellent workmanship; they are almost exactly upon the construction of those at the head of Middlesex canal. Most of the buildings in the neighborhood, as well as two beautiful bridges over the canal here, are also of limestone. Carr and his wife are from Albany, and are agreeable and genteel people.

To Trowbridge's Hotel, in Utica, to dine. The house is of brick, large, commodious, and well attended. We found good fare here; in particular, excellent wine. From Little Falls to this is twenty-two miles. In this stage, we passed the German flats, an extensive and well-cultivated tract of interval land on both sides the Mohawk. The town of German Flats is on the south of the town of Herkimer, opposite thereto, on the north side of the river. Notwithstanding the celebrity of this spot for the excellency of its soil, we thought it not equal to that on Connecticut River. Having passed the West Canada Creek, the hills on both sides the river seem to subside, and open to the view an extensive and almost unbounded tract of level and fertile country, though of a much newer aspect than any we had seen before.

At Utica, we passed over to the southern side of the Mohawk. The river here is about the size of the Nashua, and from this place bends off to the north-west. We happened to pass the bridge as a batteau was coming up to a store at the end of it, to discharge its cargo. The water was so shoal that the batteau grounded before it could be brought to its proper place. A pair of horses were attached to its bows, and it was not without the

assistance of several men, added to the strength of the horses, that it was got up to the landing-place at last.

Morality and religion do not seem to have much hold of the minds of people in this region. Instances of rudeness and profanity are to be met with in almost every place, but the people engaged in unloading the batteau were much more extravagantly and unnecessarily profane than is common. Several persons also, whom I saw at Little Falls this morning, told me that they knew full well that Adam could not have been the first man, or that he must have lived much longer ago than the Scriptures declare, because they said it must be more than five thousand years for the Mohawk to have broken through the rocks, as it has done at those falls.

Utica was begun to be settled sixteen years ago, and is now a little city, and contains several elegant dwelling-houses, some of which are of brick, and a few of stone, together with a great number of stores and manufactories of different kinds. The Lombardy poplar-tree is cultivated here in great abundance. The facility of transportation by means of the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers on one side, and Wood Creek, Oneida, and Ontario Lakes on the other, together with the extraordinary fertility of the adjacent country, must at no great distance of time make Utica a place of great business and resort, and of course its population must rapidly increase. Moses Johnson, a broken trader, late of Keene, now of Manlius, a little above this place, whom we saw at Trowbridge's, spoke of this country as not favorable for traders, and that a very few stores of goods would overstock the market. It is natural, however, for people in

his situation to ascribe their misfortunes to any thing rather than their own imprudence or misconduct, which others would probably consider as the true cause of them. Mr. Charles Taylor and his father, whom we had overtaken at Shepard's, we left at Utica.

July 19th. To Laird's in Westmoreland, to breakfast, eleven miles; a very good house. Our breakfast here was garnished with a dish of excellent honey. Every thing in and about the house was neat, and we were particularly struck with the genteel and comely appearance of two young ladies, daughters of our landlord, one of whom, we were told, had attended a ball in the neighborhood, I think at Paris, the evening before. This stage was over a tract of very fertile country, nearly level, but a little ascending; the growth was mostly of rock-maple and lime-tree. We passed a creek in New Hartford, called Sawguet, or Sagwet, or Sacada [Sauquoit], and another in a corner of Paris called Kerry, or Riseana, say Oriskany. The whole country from Utica to this place is thickly settled. The houses are mostly well built, and many of them handsome; very few log houses to be seen. Young orchards are numerous and thrifty, and Lombardy poplars line the road a great part of the way; and yet we saw not a single field which had not the stumps of the original forest trees yet remaining in it. Honey is sent from hence to Lake Ontario, in barrels.

To Shethar's in Sullivan, eighteen miles, to dine; a good tavern. The face of the country is not so level here as about Utica, though it cannot be called hilly, even here. In addition to the forest trees which we had before seen, we here found the shag-bark nut tree in

abundance. In this stage, we passed through the Oneida Indian village. We called upon, and paid our respects to, the old chief, Skenandoa.* He told us, by counting all his fingers till he came to his last little finger, of which he marked off a part, by saying hundred, that he was upwards of ninety years old. He called himself chief. He was blind of one eye. Asked by signs where we came from, and on being answered Boston, appeared to know that name. He inquired where we were going. We said a great way, pointing to the westward; and he thereupon said inquisitively, Niagara? We said yes; and he then made a motion with his hands and arms indicating the falling of the water.

The royal palace consisted of a log house, the approach to which was over a high rail fence. The building was about twelve or fourteen feet square, and was furnished with a chest or two, two or three stools, and a kind of scaffolding or elevation on one side of the room, about two feet high, covered with blankets, intended to sleep on by night and loll on by day. There was a good-natured squaw in the house, whom we took to be the wife of the chief; and in the middle of the room

* Skenandoa died in 1816, aged 110 years. He was well known in the wars which took place while we were British Colonies and in our Revolutionary contest, as the undeviating friend of the Americans. In his youth he was a brave and intrepid warrior, and in his riper years one of the noblest counsellors among the North American tribes. Among the Indians he was distinguished by the appellation of the "white man's friend." From attachment to the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, missionary to his tribe, he had always expressed a strong desire to be buried near his minister and father, that he might (to use his own expression) "*go up with him at the great resurrection.*" This wish was gratified, and he was interred in the village of Clinton, near the remains of Mr. Kirkland.—*N. Y. Hist. Coll.*—ED.

was suspended from the roof a kind of cot, in which was an infant Indian asleep, about six months old, a most perfectly formed child. We conjectured it to be the grandchild of the chief. Probably the immediate parents of the child lived in the next house, which was distant not more than six feet. We remarked upon the clothes of this infant a great number of silver brooches. Upon the whole, our reception by the old king and his royal consort was very gracious; probably the more so, on account of several small pieces of money which we laid down on the breast of the sleeping infant.

We saw a young man among the Oneida Indians, who was a little better dressed than the rest. I inquired of one who could speak English who he was, and was informed that he was lately from Canada; that he was an Oneida, but descended from those of that tribe who, in the course of our war, had espoused the British cause. Some of these Indians approached so near to white people in their complexions and appearance as to induce me to remark it to the one who spoke English, and he told me they were part French.

We were afterwards told that there had in various ways been such a mixture of blood in this tribe that a genuine Oneida Indian was perhaps not to be found. Most of those whom we saw in the village were rather surly, and all of them filthy. The old chief was by far the best-looking and best-behaved man amongst them. He is more than six feet high. [In this stage, we also passed the Skanandoa Creek, the first water we met with which discharges itself into the ocean by the St. Lawrence, as the Oriskany was the last which pays tribute to the Hudson.

We next passed the Oneida Creek, which unites with the Skanandoa. The earth in some places here is of the same color with that on Connecticut River, where the red freestone is found. In the Oneida village, the fields are free from stumps, the first to be met with that are so from Utica to this place. It is said that these Indians cut some hay and raise a little corn, but the quantity of each is so small that both they and their cattle suffer considerably during the winter. Their lands seem to be of an excellent quality and well watered; but their husbandry is very slovenly, and their houses, which are constructed wholly with logs, are dirty and comfortless. We found a considerable number of them at a neighboring retailer's shop, drinking rum. We treated them with some, and amused ourselves with their dexterity at hitting a mark with their arrows, by setting up cents at some rods' [rods'?] distance for them to shoot at. The marksman who hits a cent in this manner takes it for his pains. They seldom miss their aim, and it is remarkable that they take it with both eyes open.

The Oneida reservation is ten miles square, and the number of Indians in the tribe is computed at seven hundred. We saw great numbers of black cattle and horses belonging to them, grazing in their fields. To Tyler's in Onondaga Hollow, to sleep, twenty-one miles. The last sixteen miles are over a very hilly country; the Canaseraga Mountain, in particular, is four or five miles over, and very steep. From this mountain we had an indistinct view of the Oneida Lake to the north-westward; but the weather was hazy, and the opening among the trees, through which alone we could see the lake, was so small that the prospect was not very satisfac-

tory. Before coming to the Canaseraga Mountain, we passed the Canaseraga and Chittenango Creeks, and after passing the mountain we passed the mill and De Witt's Creek. Near the top of the mountain, a few rods to the north of the road, is situated a curious spring, which we visited. It is in a hollow or basin, which is about thirty feet over and twelve deep. A small stream springs out of the earth on one side of the basin, runs across it, and then entirely disappears.

The country, as we approached the Onondaga Hollow, we found had been longer settled than nearer the Oneida village, because the last cession of the Oneidas on the west, and immediately contiguous to their present reservation, was made but six or eight years ago, whereas the country to the westward of that had begun to be settled some time before. The town of Manlius, in particular, has the appearance of a flourishing settlement. This town is the first in the *Military Tract*, which is the lands given by the State of New York as a gratuity to the officers and soldiers of their line in the Revolutionary Army. As we were descending into the Onondaga Hollow, we saw to the north-westward the Salina or Onondaga Lake. The descent into the Hollow is from very lofty into very low ground. The Hollow is a flat extending from north to south eight or ten miles, being from one to three or four miles wide. The settlement is near the northern end; and the Onondaga reservation, which is three miles long and two broad, is situated at the southern extremity of the Hollow. The land throughout, but particularly the Indian reservation, is said to be of an excellent quality.

The Onondaga Creek, which is of a convenient size

for a mill-stream, runs along the Hollow from south to north, as do all the other streams in this country. This creek passes near the celebrated Onondaga salt springs, which are situated about five or six miles northward from Tyler's. We had intended to visit these springs, but it was near night, and it rained withal when we arrived at the Hollow, and we were to proceed on our journey before daylight next morning. We therefore reluctantly gave up the thoughts of visiting the salt springs: we were told, however, that there was nothing particularly interesting in a view of the spot where they are situated; that it is a marshy, dirty, and unhealthy place, and that the people who manufactured the salt are poor, filthy, and sickly. That salt, nevertheless, is manufactured there in such abundance, that a barrel containing five bushels, weighing fifty-six pounds per bushel, can sometimes be purchased for ten shillings, New York currency, exclusive of the barrel, the price of which is four and sixpence more; so that the price of a bushel of salt, exclusive of the barrel, is sometimes no more than twenty-five cents. The quantity produced is equal to the demand, we were told about eighty bushels sometimes in a day, but it may be indefinitely increased.

The springs are the property of the State. They are farmed out for a certain annual rent, which is paid into the salt treasury. The laborers who manufacture the salt are paid for their services in the article itself.

Some of the Onondaga Indians whom we saw were very gayly dressed. One young man, whose appearance indicated his being an Indian of taste and fashion, had the rim of each ear slit off from the ear itself, so as to hang over, and, being stretched by the weight of

silver plates wound round them, reached down to his shoulders.

The Onondaga Indians are said to be remarkably temperate, though not so attentive to husbandry as the Oneidas. They are beginning, however, to keep cattle, plough, &c. They are peaceable and submissive in their behavior. Our landlord told us that he thought them the most civil people in that part of the country. They are about three hundred in number, but are continually diminishing.

Anderugaga is the name of their war chief. He is said to possess, both in appearance and disposition, all the ferocity ever ascribed to the savage character. Tyler's is a poor tavern, and our accommodations for sleeping were most miserable.

July 20th. Rose at half past two o'clock, and proceeded to Andrew's, at Skaneateles, to breakfast, sixteen miles; a good tavern. The country is still hilly, but very fertile. The soil is deep,—a mixture of loam and clay. The roads here must be very bad in wet weather. It rained last night for the first time since we commenced our journey; and the horses' feet, in consequence thereof, slipped as if they were travelling on snow or ice.

Rising out of the Onondaga Hollow is a long and very steep hill. The road is constructed on the southern side of a precipice, in such a manner that, as you approach the top of the hill, you have a tremendous gulf on your left hand, at the bottom of which you hear the murmur of a brook fretting among the rocks, as it is passing on toward the Onondaga Creek, whieh it joins in the Hollow. There is a kind of railing or fence, com-

posed of logs secured with stakes or trees, which is all that prevents the passenger, and even the road itself, from falling to the bottom of the gulf. On the hill we found the embryo of a village. A court-house is already built, and the frame of a hotel is raised. The hotel, we were told, is to be kept by one Brunson. It is an accommodation much needed by travellers on this road.]

From this hill, we were told, could have been seen the Oneida Lake, if we had had daylight and clear weather. We passed the outlet of the Otisco Lake,—a copious mill-stream of pure water. Indeed, the waters of all the streams and lakes in this country, which discharge themselves into Lake Ontario, are remarkable for their whiteness and purity. We did not see the Otisco Lake, though we were told it was not more than a mile distant from the road. Skaneateles is a pleasant village, situated on the northern extremity, and at the outlet of, the lake of the same name. The lake is from one to two miles wide, and sixteen miles long from north to south. There is a view of the village of about six miles up the lake. The country which encompasses this lake is delightful. There are no marshes or swamps to be seen; but the land slopes gently towards the water, so that wheat is seen growing to its very edge. The soil is remarkably fertile, free from rocks, and agreeably diversified with gentle swells. The lake, moreover, abounds with fish of all kinds usually found in fresh water, and the outlet affords a most excellent seat for mills and other water-works. Here are already a grist and saw mill, a carding-machine, and two distil-houses, which are supplied with water from the lake, though many

roods [rods?] distant, by means of pumps wrought by water. The pumps discharge their water into perpendicular logs or pipes, from which it descends, and then runs along in an aqueduct till it reaches the distil-house, and then rises again. The dam which is thrown across the outlet raises the water over the whole surface of the lake. This is the reason there is no beach now to be seen on its borders, but the verdure meets the water. It is remarkable that this flowing should not overflow any lands adjacent to the lake, except a small tract at the southern or upper extremity of the lake; and the proprietor of the dam has purchased the right to flow that.

[To Harris's in Cayuga, fifteen miles, to dine. We here had an excellent dinner of beefsteaks. Mr. Harris told us that they could keep beef fresh four or five days, in hot weather, by hanging it upon the trees—wrapping it in flannel—as high as was convenient. Flannel is better to wrap it in than linen.]

The village of Cayuga is small, but pleasant and lively. It is in the township of Marcellus, on the eastern bank of the Cayuga Lake, within one or two miles of its northern extremity. This lake is about two miles wide in general, and almost forty miles long. Nearly north and south from the village, there are about fifteen miles of the lake in sight. The shores are mostly of hard land, except at the northern extremity, where there is a great deal of marsh, which is an unfavorable circumstance for the village, as it is not only disagreeable to the sight, but, I think, also to the smell. There is a wooden bridge across the lake, leading from Cayuga village towards Geneva, one mile long, wanting three roods.

It suffered so much by shocks of the ice last winter, that in some places it is hardly safe to pass it. This forenoon we had passed the outlet of the Owaseo Lake, but did not see the lake itself, which we were told was about a mile south of the road. The country hitherto is somewhat uneven, though by no means so much so as near the Onondaga Hollow. The soil, however, is excellent in many places, and is of a reddish color.

To Powell's Hotel in Geneva, to sleep, sixteen miles ; excellent accommodations. At Harris's we had met with a Mr. Rees, a gentleman in trade at Geneva, who took passage in the stage with us for that place. From this gentleman, whom we found very intelligent and communicative, we learned many particulars concerning the salt springs, discovered about five years since upon the Cayuga outlet. These springs are about twelve miles below the Cayuga bridge, and are on both sides the outlet : that on the western side is in the township of Galen, and belongs to Mr. Rees and his partner in trade. These springs had long been known to the Indians, but they had always been reserved in communicating their knowledge of the state of the country to the white settlers. It was not till most or all of those who lived near this outlet had died or moved away, except one, that he mentioned the existence of these springs ; and for a reward he conducted some persons to the place where they are situated. The persons to whom he communicated this information endeavored to purchase the favored spot before the owner should be apprised of its inestimable value ; but he accidentally obtained a knowledge of his good fortune, and of course refused to sell.

The Galen spring is a basin situated in a marshy spot,

one hundred rods from the outlet. In the centre of the basin, the water is commonly ten feet deep. A passage for boats has been cut from the basin to the outlet, and a perceptible current commonly sets out through this passage. It sometimes happens that the surrounding marsh, and of course the salt water itself, is overflowed by the fresh water from the outlet; but the fresh water and the salt do not seem readily to mix, for the water, which is raised from the bottom of the basin by pumps, is found, even in times of freshets, to be highly saturated with salt, while that upon the surface is altogether fresh. In ease of a wind, however, the salt water is so diluted by a mixture with the fresh as not to be worth working. It would not be difficult to construct a dyke or wall which would prevent these inundations; but the present proprietors justly consider this spring, under all its disadvantages, as an invaluable treasure; that, if in attempting to make it a little more useful or commodious they should lose it altogether, they would have abundant cause of self-reproach; and that, as they know not in which direction the salt water comes, if they were to dig between the basin and the outlet for the foundation of a wall, they might possibly break in upon its subterraneous channel, and direct the current so as to lose it. They therefore think it most prudent to rest satisfied with the spring in its present state.

There is some reason to suspect that the course of the salt water is under the bed of the outlet, because there is upon the other side of the outlet another salt spring, called Smith's; and it is observed that during the prevalence of drought the water of either of the springs is not so strongly impregnated with salt as at

other times, and that it even becomes so weak as not to be worth working. Upon the return of rain, the water regains its highly saline quality, but not under five or six days at the Galen spring, and at Smith's in not less than five or six weeks. At the Galen spring, eighty to one hundred gallons of water commonly yield a bushel of salt, weighing fifty-six pounds; whereas sixty or eighty of that at Onondaga will yield the same quantity of salt. The water is pumped off into iron pans and boiled down,—a process which it requires twelve hours to accomplish. The consumption of wood in this manufactory is so great that, although the price of it is five and sixpence, New York currency, per cord, yet the whole expense for that article alone at the Galen spring is five thousand dollars per year. At present, the quantity of salt manufactured here is about forty bushels a day; but the proprietors are about to increase the quantity, which it seems they might do to an unlimited extent. The water at the Galen spring is of a thick, brown, muddy color in appearance, and smells not unlike bilge-water. The marsh in the neighborhood produces hay in all respects resembling that which grows on salt marshes, except in the salt taste.

Mr. Rees informed us that he held salt at his works at fifty cents per bushel. This is higher than it is sometimes to be had at Onondaga. At Onondaga, the price is limited, and the weight of the bushel and size of the cask are established by law. Besides being free from any of these restrictions, Mr. Rees thinks his works are more favorably situated for transportation, either to the northward into Lake Ontario, or the south-westward by means of Seneca Lake, or going up

Lake Ontario, thence by Lake Erie, Michigan, &c., even to the Alleghany River, and by that to Pittsburg.

Smith's spring generally affords water as highly saturated with salt as that in Galen. There is yet another spring, situated about half a mile below Cayuga Bridge, on the western shore of Cayuga Lake, which yields salt water. Several attempts have been made to dig a well, into which to receive the salt water here, so that it might be collected in sufficient quantity to be manufactured. These attempts have hitherto failed on account of the quicksands, which have filled the well as fast as the workmen could dig it. The owner, however, does not yet despair. We saw him going toward the spot with several people, to see what measures could be taken to bring this spring into operation.

The existence of these springs in this region is a wonderful instance of the benignity of Providence. Here is a fertile and extensive country, capable of containing an immense population, which is nearly three hundred miles from the ocean in the nearest part. If the inhabitants were obliged to furnish themselves with salt from seawards, an annual supply of that necessary article would often cost them more than their bread, which could not fail to be a powerful discouragement to the settlement of the country.

The road from Cayuga to Geneva is for a few miles along the southern or south-eastern side, and the rest along the northern or north-eastern side of the Seneca outlet. The face of the country near the road is more level; but the soil is more sandy and uninviting than we had lately seen, till we approached near to Geneva. The land there is excellent, as we were told it was,

through all the tract which extends between the Cayuga and the Seneca Lakes. This tract rises in a kind of regular glaeis from each lake, so that from the middle of it one can see both. It wants nothing but inhabitants and cultivation to make it an elysium. The Seneca outlet flows into the lower end of the Cayuga Lake. Towards its mouth there is a considerable fall, or rather rapid, which it is contemplated to lock, whereby a water communication will be opened between the two lakes. The stream is about half the size of the Winnipiseogee, and has a bluish-white appearance.

We were within half a mile of Geneva before we came in sight of the Seneca Lake. This charming sheet of water extends southerly from this place to Catharine Town, forty miles, being from two to four miles wide. There is not a foot of swamp or marsh on its borders, from one extremity to the other; but it is everywhere lined by a clear, gravelly beach, and the land rises from it with a very gentle and graceful ascent in every direction.

We were somewhat disappointed in the town of Geneva, not so much as to the size of the place, elegance of the houses, or even beauty of the situation considered simply in itself, but as to its relative situation with respect to the lake. It stands at the north-eastern corner, about half a mile from the northern extremity of the lake, from which situation there is a prospect across, but not lengthwise of, the water. Whereas, had the town been built half a mile to the north-eastward from its present situation, it would have stood on ground less elevated to be sure, but yet suffi-

ciently so, and very well calculated for a city; and, in that case, it would have commanded a charming prospect twenty miles up the lake. We saw above the water the masts of a schooner, which lies sunk about one hundred rods from shore. Mr. Rees, our fellow-traveller, we found to be a nephew of Mr. Nicholas, lately one of the Virginia representatives in Congress, but who has lately purchased and settled upon an extensive tract of excellent land, on the north-eastern extremity of the Seneca Lake, near the outlet. Mr. Rees waited upon us some time after our arrival, with Mr. Nicholas's compliments and an invitation to call on him to tea the next day. Our haste to proceed obliged us to decline the invitation. We felt a sensible regret at parting with Mr. Rees, whom we had found to be a very intelligent, agreeable, and gentlemanly man.

Cayuga Lake abounds with fish, of which the black bass are the most esteemed. The Seneca Lake does not afford fish in as great plenty, and they are therefore often brought to Geneva from Cayuga. Plaster of Paris has lately been discovered at Bath, about fifty miles south-westward from Geneva. Iron ore is met with in many places in this neighborhood.

Not far from Geneva are some of the Indian orchards, which were cut down by General Sullivan in his famous expedition, scarce less barbarous than those of the savages themselves. The trees now growing in these orchards sprouted from the roots of those which were cut down, and therefore grow in clusters, six or seven rising from one root. We saw Indian fields here free from stumps, the only ones which are to the westward of Utica, except those belonging to the Oneidas. We

were told that, at this season of the year, the wind at Geneva blows constantly from the south in the forenoon, and from the north in the afternoon. We here quitted the stage, which runs no further than Canandaigua, and hired an open Dutch wagon and driver, and a single horse, to carry us to Niagara.

July 21st. Our direct course from Geneva would have been westward to Canandaigua, sixteen miles; but we deviated from that course, and travelled north-westward from Geneva, fourteen miles, to the Sulphur Springs. For some miles from Geneva, the country is fertile and flourishing in a high degree. We had now reached the flat country, which extends with very little interruption quite to Lake Erie, upwards of one hundred miles. In the town of Phelps, we passed the Flint Creek, the bed of which is mostly of limestone, as are the beds of almost all the streams in this region. The stones here are a kind of composition or pudding stone. They look as if they were formed by the fusion of a part of their substance, which in hardening has incorporated into the mass a great number of small stones which had been already formed. Finding rocks of this kind in this level country, at a great distance from any hill, refutes the notion that they are formed in volcanoes. Young orchards, both of peach and apple trees, abound and flourish here; they are in general from three to six years old. Peach-trees are the most numerous, but they were chiefly without fruit. Notwithstanding that there are some considerable streams in the Genesee country, yet there are but few compared with the whole extent; and, as they generally proceed from lakes, small brooks and rills are scarcely to be met with. Springs of water,

which are so common in New England and other hilly countries, are seldom found here, which is probably to be ascribed to the flatness of the surface. Where a spring does appear, it commonly issues from the ground at once in great force, sufficiently so in some instances to turn a mill, at its first emerging; or, if the quantity of water be small, it will disappear after running a little ways. Upon the whole, therefore, this tract may be said to be but poorly watered: and some of the settlers complain that they are obliged to dig wells, and supply their cattle from them. The Sulphur Springs are just within the limits of Farmington. A swale or valley, of near a mile in extent, affords in several places copious springs of water, strongly impregnated with sulphur. Two of the most remarkable we visited: that which affords the least water of the two deposits the greatest quantity of sulphur; the other affords water sufficient at the fountain-head, constantly, to turn a corn-mill. The water from this spring flows six or eight rods down a steep declivity or bed of limestone, into a quagmire of an acre or two in extent, which is so soft and deep that it is impossible to go upon it.

The bed of the stream through its whole extent, and every substance with which the water comes in contact, are covered with sulphur, so that, although the water itself appears to be perfectly pure and limpid, all other objects near it are tinged with a sulphureous yellow. In the quag at the bottom of the declivity, this color becomes gradually more faint; and we were told that, when the stream has flowed about half a mile further, it loses all its sulphureous qualities, and becomes perfectly fresh and sweet. Several small streams of pure water flow

within a few rods of the Sulphur Springs, with which they unite some ways below, and then pass off into the Canandaigua outlet. The water of these springs is drank by invalids as a restorative and tonic. It is said to operate as a sudorifie and diuretie, and at first, or if taken in too great quantity, as a cathartie. The taste is not disagreeable; it contains no fixed air, and is about the temperature of common well-water. It is used also for bathing. Mr. Powell, of Geneva, the present proprietor, has provided an excellent contrivance for administering a shower-bath. It supplies the water in great abundance, and as long as the patient pleases. As far as we could judge, from the activity and screaming of several who made trial of this bath while we were present, its effect must be very powerful.

The atmosphere for a considerable distance around these springs is so highly charged with sulphur that it smells like damaged gunpowder, or like a foul musket. With some people it occasions a nausea, and to most it is disagreeable. The sulphur, especially at the second spring we visited, lies upon the surface of the ground in great quantities, and in a state perfectly pure, except that it adheres to the fibres of moss, which, upon a near view, gives the sulphur itself the appearance of a vegetable. A kind of small insect, covered with a cylindrical shell, somewhat resembling a snail, but much less in size, is found attached in great numbers to the stones and all other substances, in the streams that flow from these springs. Vegetation in this vicinity has the same appearance as elsewhere, both as to kind and quality.

Mr. Powell proposes to build a house here for the ac-

commodation of people going from the Sulphur Springs. We crossed the Canandaigua outlet, and travelled south-westerly ten miles to the town of that name, standing near the northern extremity of the lake of the same name. Most of the land here is of the best quality; but the drought was very severe, the more so, probably, on account of the flatness of the country. The Canandaigua Lake is not to be compared to the Seneca, either in beauty or magnitude; but the town is more interesting than Geneva. Here is a large, well-built, brick jail, a court-house, used also as a place of public worship, an academy, and a hotel. A hotel was formerly kept under the same roof with the jail; but it was found that this circumstance was disagreeable to most guests, so that the scheme was abandoned. The hotel where we stopped is kept by Taylor. It is a handsome and commodious building, and is well attended. There is plenty of oak and some chestnut wood to be met with, after reaching the small lakes, though we had not seen either for some time before. The turnpike road ends at this place. The whole length from Albany is two hundred and six or seven miles: it may properly be called two turnpikes, which join each other at Utica. A project is on foot for still extending the turnpike even to Niagara, a direct course to which would not probably exceed one hundred miles.

Mr. Rees told us yesterday that he was engaged to proceed to-morrow with certain commissioners to mark out the course of the road, and that the proprietors will begin to work upon it next year. The road may not be very good property at first, but will probably soon become so, judging from the astonishing rapidity with

which this country is settled. It is ascertained that one thousand families migrated hither during the last year, two thirds of whom were from New England.

To Hall's in Bloomfield, to sleep, twelve miles; very good house. We had an excellent supper and clean beds. The town of Bloomfield has been settled about fifteen years, and is now in a flourishing state. Here is a handsome new meeting-house with a tasty steeple. The vane on the steeple is rather whimsical. It is a flying angel, blowing a trumpet against the wind. Within this town we passed a small creek, which is the most westerly water which discharges itself into Lake Ontario by the Oswego outlet, by which all the water we had yet seen is discharged, which flows into that lake. The country which supplies that water is upwards of one hundred miles wide, as the road goes. The growth here is chiefly oak. The soil is good, though more hilly and not so luxuriant as we had seen. Some of their fields were without trees when the first settlers came here, which gives the town the appearance of an older settlement than it is. Orchards are numerous, both of peach and apple trees; the former, which are most numerous, are cultivated for brandy. Wild plum-trees are common here.

The inequalities in the surface of this town afford much more distant prospects, than can be had in flat ground. From the hill on which the meeting-house stands, there is an extensive view in every direction except north-westward. This afternoon the wind was easterly, but it was wholly free from that raw, humid quality which an easterly wind possesses on the sea coast. The thermometer in the evening was 72° ,

although in the morning it had been as low as 54° Fahrenheit.

General Hall, our landlord, told us that a new salt spring had been discovered but a few days since, about twelve miles to the westward of Genesee River, and as much off of our route. It is on the land of Sir William Pultney, and is thoroughly impregnated with salt. He told us also that there was yet another, not far from Batavia. This day, at Canandaigua, I saw Mr. Moore, whom I had formerly known as an apprentice in Mr. Waldo's store in Worcester. He had just returned from New Connecticut beyond Lake Erie, where he had been with Messrs. Phelps, Mills, and others, making a purchase of lands of the Indians. Grindstones of a good quality are found and manufactured near Lake Erie, within one hundred miles of Canandaigua.

July 22d. To Hosmer's in Hartford, to breakfast, twelve and a half miles. Between Bloomfield and this, we passed through Charleston, which has but recently been reclaimed from the wilderness. It is perfectly flat, the soil is pretty good, though better, and more settled at some distance from the road than near it. The reason of cutting the road where it goes was because the country in that direction was open, when it was first explored, between this place and Lake Ontario, which is but twenty-eight miles distant, or to Gerundengut [now Toronto] Bay, but twenty-two miles. Cider was made last year in great quantities; and a single orchard in Charleston produced apples sufficient for one hundred barrels, but the owner sold off the apples.

There is not so plentiful a growth of fruit this year. Different kinds of plum-trees, some of which are much

esteemed, are found here also in a wild state. We crossed in this stage the [here is a break in the MS.] lakes, and falls into the Genesee River.

Deer are plenty here yet. One man not long since killed seven without changing his place: one of them was a doe, and the others bucks. The hunter killed the doe first, and the others one by one afterwards: when he fired, those he did not kill would start off a little ways, but soon return.

In the town of Pittsford, which adjoins Charleston on the north, are the remains of an ancient fort constructed with stone and earth, the length of which is upwards of one hundred feet. On the walls, trees are now growing upwards of eighteen inches over; one hundred and fifty grains were counted in one which was cut down last year. The Indians have no knowledge by whom the fort was built. Hitherto we have found better roads since we left the turnpike than before, except that the bridges and causeways are mostly constructed with poles. Hosmer, our landlord, is an intelligent man and keeps a good tavern. We had for breakfast good coffee, excellent tea, loaf sugar, mutton chop, waffles, berry pie, preserved berries, excellent bread, butter, and a salad of young onions. I mention the particulars, because some of the articles, or such a collection, were hardly to be expected in such a depth of wilderness.

To Gansen's in Southampton, twelve and a half miles, to dine. Within about a mile of Hosmer's, we passed the Genesee River. The outlet of the Conesus Lake joins this river about a mile above, or to the south. Where we crossed, there is a new bridge, apparently strong and well built; and yet the water last spring

undermined one end of it, so that it has sunk considerably.] The river here is about the size of the Nashua, but more rapid. The water is very muddy, of a clay or ash color. The interval, which is on the west side, is more than a mile wide. It belongs to some Indians of the Seneca tribe, who live near it in log huts.

In a time of flood, the water covers the whole interval. After rising from the interval, the country for six or eight miles is one unvaried and almost unbroken plain. No cultivation or settlements are to be seen, save a few miserable log huts scattered at great distances, around which are small patches of cleared ground; nor does the country appear inviting. The growth, it is true, is mostly of oak; but the trees are not large, and are few in number. There is an undergrowth of young trees; but they do not prevent one from seeing, so as to distinguish a man in almost any direction, at the distance of forty or fifty rods. The soil is thin, intermixed with crumbled limestone. In fact, for the last four or five miles, the stone rises above ground in large masses, and scarce any water is to be seen from the Genesee River to this place, except the Big Spring, so called. This is four or five rods north of the road, at a place lately called Caledonia (although the township of Southampton), in consequence of a few Scotch families having erected there log huts, where they still live around the spring, and a mill is constantly turned by it, without any supply from any other quarter. Upon the whole, the country between the interval and Gansen's is the most tiresome and the poorest we had seen after leaving Utica. While we were at dinner, there was a copious shower, attended with very heavy thunder. An old man told us that the shower came off Lake Erie.

Gansen's is a miserable log house. We made out to obtain an ordinary dinner. Our landlord was drunk, the house was crowded with a dozen workmen, reeking with rain and sweat, and we were, withal, constantly annoyed with the plaintive and frightful cries and screams of a crazy woman, in the next room. We hastened our departure, therefore, even before the rain had ceased.

To Russell's in Batavia, twelve miles, to sleep. One mile from Gansen's, we crossed Allen's Creek, at Butter-milk Falls, where there are mills, and five miles further the Chookawoonga Creek, near the eastern transit line of the Holland purchase. This line extends from the bounds of Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario, a distance of near ninety-four miles. So far, the road was the worst of any we had seen; and none can be much worse and be passable for wheels. Within six miles of Batavia, the road is much better, and the land of a good quality, heavily timbered all the way, but especially near the settlement. It is but three years since this spot was first cleared, and it is now a considerable village. Here is a large building, nearly finished, intended for a court-house, jail, and hotel, under the same roof. The street is perfectly level, and is already a good and smooth road. Here is also an excellent mill, on a large and commodious scale, situated on the Tonawanda Creek, which is the first water we saw which passes over Niagara Falls. Russell's is a poor tavern. We were told that our sheets were clean, for they had been slept in but a *few* times since they were washed.

July 23d. To Luke's in Batavia, to breakfast, five miles. We intended to have stopped at McCraken's, one

mile short of this, but we were told that we could not be accommodated. The exterior appearance of both houses was very much alike ; they are log huts, about twelve feet square. Luke's consisted of a single room, with a small lean-to behind, which served for a kitchen. It contained scarce any furniture, not even utensils enough to serve us comfortably for breakfast. His wife, withal, was sick in bed while we were there, and they had next to nothing in the world to eat. With the addition of some tea, ham, and bread, which we ourselves had brought, we at length made out a breakfast.

It was but eighteen months since Luke began a settlement here, and he was the first who made the attempt between Batavia and Vandevener's, a distance of eighteen miles, though in that distance now there are several huts. Taverns like Luke's are not uncommon in this vicinity ; almost every hut we saw had a sign hung out on a pole or stump, announcing that it was an inn. Perhaps such complete poverty did not exist in them all as we found at Luke's, yet, judging from external appearances, the difference could not be great.

We passed the Tonawanda near Batavia court-house, and then kept along its southern bank to this place. The woods are full of new settlers. Axes were resounding, and the trees literally falling about us as we passed. In one instance, we were obliged to pass in a field through the smoke and flame of the trees which had lately been felled and were just fired.

To Vandevener's in Willink, thirteen miles. We had intended only to dine here ; but by reason of a thunder shower, and the temptation of comfortable accommodations, we concluded not to proceed till next day. Our

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last stage was through the Batavia woods, famed for their horrors, which were not abated by our having been informed at Russell's, that not far from here a white man had lately been killed by the Indians. We found the road much better than we had anticipated ; the last four miles were the worst. A little labor would make the road all very good, at least in dry weather. There is another way to come from Batavia here ; but it is six miles further, and probably little or no better than this.

It was but three years since Vandevener began here. He at first built a log house, but he has now a two-story framed house, adjoining that. His whole territory is five hundred acres, one hundred of which he has already got under improvement. About five miles before coming to Vandevener's, we passed Murder Creek, which soon after falls into the Tonawanda. In the beds of both these creeks, we found a dark-colored, slate-like stone, which, upon being fresh broken, afforded a strong sea-coal or amber smell, but more fetid. When much heated, it affords a pitchy flame. It is called stink stone. The timber in these woods is very heavy, and consists chiefly of oak, ash, elm, hemlock, birch, rock-maple, and bass, or lime-tree.

About thirty rods westward from Vandevener's, the road passes in a longitudinal direction directly through the remains of an ancient fort, the site of which is about four hundred and fifty feet long, and perhaps two thirds as wide. The wall or mound of earth and stone with which it was constructed is now nearly entire, except where passages have been cut for the road, and where a part of it has been levelled to make a garden spot, near a log house which stands within it. A ditch runs

all round the wall on the outside, except at the gates, of which there were four, facing the four cardinal points. Where the road is cut through the wall, we observed pieces of charcoal, and, turning up the fresh earth with the foot, we discovered some that had not before been uncovered. The growth of timber within and even on the wall is the same as elsewhere. We counted the grains of an oak which grew exactly upon the summit, to the number of one hundred and thirty; and of a button-wood, which had stood near the summit, to a much greater number, although a considerable part of the wood, near the heart of the tree, was decayed and gone. The whole enclosure is about three acres.

Similar remains are said to be found in several other places in this region, some of which are of much greater dimensions. There is one in particular at the Chestnut Ridge, so called, about fifteen miles north-eastward from this place, which encloses sixteen acres. These forts are all situated on a ridge or precipice, which extends from the south-west to the north-east, the limits of which have perhaps never been ascertained. It passes along in front, *i.e.* to the north, from Vandevener's house, at the distance of about thirty rods; and he informed us that it extended eastward to the Chestnut Ridge, and that it there divided, one branch going from thence to Queenstown, on Niagara River westwardly, where the great falls are supposed once to have been, and the other passing on still eastward, and intersecting the Genesee River, at the remarkable falls in that stream. He added that the same ridge was traced westward to within three, two, and even half a mile of Lake Erie, of which it seemed to constitute a second shore. We

examined the ridge near Vandevener's house, and found it to be but a few feet above the level of the country immediately southward from it; but to the north it is a precipice of nearly one hundred feet high, about half of which is generally perpendicular for twenty feet or more from the summit downwards. This ridge is a mass of solid limestone, somewhat projecting over, and exhibiting the usual appearance of rock which had for a great length of time been worn by the dashing of the water. On digging a foot, or two, or three, into the ground at the bottom of the precipice, you everywhere find clean beach sand, such as is found on the beach of the lakes. Most of the rock seems to be composed of the petrified shells, and even of the very substance, of shell-fish. These petrifactions are not only to be seen on the surface, but we found them in the very substance of large stones, which we broke for that purpose. From the foot of the precipice the surface of the earth still descends considerably for near half a mile, and from thence the face of the country is generally level to Niagara River. If water once flowed up to this precipice, as from appearances which it exhibits cannot be doubted, the forts before spoken of were all commodiously situated on peninsulas or points of land projecting into the water, and having each a communication with the main by a neck of land.

The necessary inference from these facts seems to be that the Falls of Niagara were once at Queenstown, and that they have not only receded seven or eight miles to their present site, but that they are now much less than they originally were; that by forcing away a part of the rock by which they were once confined, they have

flowed off so as to drain the country from this ridge to the present shore of Lake Erie; and, if the lake has subsided, Lakes Huron and Michigan, being now upon the same level, must have undergone the same change. This event must have happened a great length of time ago.

The growth of timber where the water must once have flowed is now the same, both as to kind and size, as elsewhere; and the soil where the beach originally was is now from one to three feet deep above the sand.

No tradition exists among the Indians upon this subject. They are wholly ignorant as to the origin and particular use of the forts, and express equal surprise upon the subject with the whites. Their existence before the draining off of the water may possibly be thought to prove the peopling of this country at a period much earlier than has commonly been assigned to that event.

July 23d. To Ransom's in Erie, to breakfast, fourteen miles. Ransom came from Great Barrington in Massachusetts, and settled here last September. Making proper allowances, we fared very well at his house. About two and a half miles after leaving Vandevenner's, we descended the ridge spoken of in yesterday's journal, and, having travelled about half a mile on lower ground, ascended it again. The appearance of it at both these places confirmed the opinion already formed respecting it. We next came to a plain, extending with very little interruption to Ellicott's, on Twelve Mile Creek.

This plain, when first explored, was, and still continues to be, remarkably free from trees. Hundreds of

and rather hilly. On account of the woods, the lake is not to be seen by a traveller from the east, till he comes within about a mile of the beach. Fatigued as such a one must long have been with the narrow and dreary scenes presented by a cheerless wilderness, it must be difficult to refrain from expressions of rapture at the noble prospect which here expands to his view. On the southern shore, we could discern distant promontories and high lands, which advance pretty far into the lake, but are at length lost in the south-west; from thence to the north-west, the horizon is formed by the union of the sky and water. Towards the outlet, the northern or Canada shore, with the British Fort Erie, is in full view. Five or six vessels were lying in the harbor, near the fort, when we were there. On account of a shower that had fallen the day before, their sails were extended to dry. One of them was a twenty gun ship, whose tall masts and swelling canvas seemed to announce a conscious pride in navigating inland seas of such extent.

It has been a generally received opinion, especially among foreign naturalists, that flint was not a production of the American continent: we met with it, however, in large masses on the beach of Lake Erie, and of an excellent quality. An old Indian told us that there people used it for their guns, and that it was surer to strike fire than the imported flint, which he said was *greasy*. We here also found great quantities of clean, shining, red and black sand, proper for stationers' use. Thirty or forty miles up the Buffalo Creek, there are oil stones, so called. They lie loose, like other stones, on the surface of the earth, some of them weighing forty

pounds. The under side appears greasy. On breaking them, an oil appears to be contained in little cells within the stone, not in a liquid state, but of the consistence of hog's lard ; it has a strong fetid smell. The oil is not to be collected from these stones in any considerable quantities ; but if it be the petroleum, which is found in the farther peninsula of India, and in some parts of Europe, it might probably be obtained in greater abundance by sinking wells for it to collect in, as is practised in those countries.

[From Buffalo we passed along the beach of Lake Erie, to the ferry across its outlet on the Niagara River, at Black Rock, so called, three miles. We were here detained more than an hour, waiting the pleasure of the ferryman ; he was at his house, about a mile down the river. As he well knew we could not pass without his assistance, he probably concluded that he should lose nothing by delay. When at length he arrived, we were almost deterred from attempting the passage on account of the wretched machine in which we were to be transported. It was a crazy flat-bottomed boat, with low sides, constructed at first of thin plank, and which had apparently begun to decay. In this slender vehicle, navigated by a drunken Irishman, who commanded an Indian and a negro wench, who seemed to be much the ablest hand of the three, were to be consigned ourselves, with our driver, horses, wagon, and loading, across the most formidable ferry, perhaps, in the world ; a stream three quarters of a mile wide, twenty or thirty feet deep, and running at the rate of five miles an hour. Having no alternative, however, we embarked. Fortunately, a fresh breeze was blowing up-stream, which, by the means

of a ragged sail fastened to a pole, enabled us not only to resist the current, but to make such progress that in nine minutes we reached the opposite shore in safety. We were now, for the first time with all of us but one, in the British dominions. After landing, we passed down the river about a mile. To Winternote's, to dine; from Black Rock, two miles. The mistress of the house expressed her regret that she could not accommodate us better, but by way of excuse said that the soldiers had breakfasted there, and had eaten them out. We afterwards learned that the soldiers she spoke of were a body of fresh troops, passing up to relieve some of the garrisons beyond Lake Erie. We were served with the water of the river to drink with our dinner, and now learned for the first time that the inhabitants of these regions use no other. The water is remarkably pure and palatable. When we first tasted it, the temperature, which was upwards of 70° , made it rather unpleasant; but, four or five hours afterwards, we drank it cooled with ice, and found it very grateful.

From Winternote's, we travelled down the river to Stevens's at Chippeway, a very good house, fifteen miles. The road lies all the way on the river bank. Two or three miles below Black Rock, the water divides, and having encompassed an island, called "Grand Isle," which is two or three miles wide and six or eight long, it again unites some ways above Chippeway. From this reunion, the stream for several miles is near two miles in width, and flows with an uncommonly graceful and majestic current. Riding along its shore, the mind elevated and expanded by its magnitude and rapidity, contemplates with wonder the mighty operations of nature.

The atmosphere by evaporation, a process which has never yet been satisfactorily explained, silently drinks her fill from the ocean, and then through countless pores discharges the liquid treasure on the earth. Gravity is ever busy in collecting the scattered drops, and restoring them to the abyss from whence they first ascended. Certain as we are of the causes, it requires an effort of the imagination to conceive how they can produce effects so great and uniform, that the immense lakes of Canada were once floating vapors, and the vast tribute which they constantly pay to the ocean has in the form of clouds been the sport of inconstant winds.

Nothing impresses the mind with a more lively idea of the extent of the great lakes than the uniformity of their elevation, which is not perceptibly affected by rains or droughts. So severe was the drought this summer, that we saw young forest trees, fifteen or twenty feet high, in the neighborhood of Buffalo Creek, where the soil was thin upon a bed of rock, which had actually perished for want of moisture, and yet the lake and river were at their usual height. Indeed, we were expressly told that this height was never known to vary, unless affected by the wind.

The general course of the Niagara River is one or two points to the westward of north. The land on its shores is fertile, but a little elevated above the water, and generally level. The American shore is yet a wilderness; but the British side is settled and cleared all the way, to the depth of about one hundred rods from the river bank. The Chippeway is in size about half as large as the Merrimack; the land on its banks, we were told, is uncommonly good, and settled for thirty miles or more

in length. The waters of the Chippeway are foul and dark-colored, and mix so reluctantly with the pure water of the Niagara that the difference may be discovered some ways below their junction.

The village at the mouth of the Chippeway would have been more advantageously situated a few rods further south; for, as the inhabitants use none but river water, and as most of them live below the Chippeway, they must cross over that stream, or go off some ways into the Niagara in a boat, to get their water pure. The familiar name of this village among the inhabitants is Chippeway, but the legal name of the place is Stamford.

As we travelled this afternoon, we frequently stopped and listened, in expectation of hearing the noise of the Great Falls, but we could not hear them more than four or five miles off. It is said in certain states of the atmosphere they can be heard at the distance of thirty or forty miles. We discerned the small cloud of spray which rises over them at the distance of ten miles. It was after sunset when we reached Chippeway. Therefore, as the cataract is two and a half miles below, we were obliged to defer our visit till the morning. It required an effort of patience to do this, for our curiosity increased with our proximity.

July 25th. Having taken breakfast, and provided ourselves with a guide and also a little brandy and cold ham, and other means of refreshment, we proceeded down the river. One of our company mentioned the remark of a celebrated traveller, that, on approaching the city of Rome, he felt an involuntary inclination to run, lest otherwise the object should disappear before his curiosity could be gratified. We realized a similar

eagerness in approaching the Cataract of Niagara, and did not therefore at the first visit pay so minute an attention to intermediate objects as we did afterwards. The river is near two miles wide, till it comes within a mile and a half of the perpendicular fall. It then begins to contract and to increase in its rapidity. A branch on the eastern side, called the Fort Schlosser branch, is detached from the main stream by an island of considerable extent, situated in the very rapids, and does not reunite till it has reached the bottom of the precipice. Besides this island, which contains several acres of land covered with wood, there are six or eight others in the rapids, which are much smaller, and having but little vegetation on them, being sand-banks, occasioned probably by the particular form or situation of the ledges of rocks. A small branch of the river bends into the mainland on the western shore, round one of these islands, in such a manner as to abate something of the velocity of the current, and afford seats for a number of mills which are erected there, and which might be said to be advantageously situated, were it not that they are one or two hundred feet lower than the surface of the surrounding country, and that the passage to and from them is rendered very difficult by the abruptness of the declivity at the foot of which they stand. This branch of the river forms almost a semi-circle, and joins the main stream again about fifty rods above the cataract. The rapids between the great island and the eastern shore are about a mile in extent. Considered either across or lengthways of the current, that whole extent is a scene of tumult and uproar. The water is broken into milk-white foam, which is tossed in spray by the

conflicting billows many feet into the air. So great is the concussion against the rocks on the opposite side, that we could discern a constant cloud of vapor ascending from the shore.

The grandeur of this scene is only to be exceeded by the ocean, in some of its wildest moods; and, were there nothing else in the vicinity worthy of attention, this alone would be resorted to from great distances by the curious, as a just subject of wonder and astonishment.

The descent in these rapids is computed at fifty feet. Having surmounted this difficulty, the river becomes more calm and collected, as if conscious of the achievement it was about to perform. At length contracting to less than half its former width, it rushes with fearless impetuosity over a perpendicular precipice, one hundred and forty feet. This descent has been variously estimated. It was fashionable a century ago greatly to exaggerate it; and the affected precision of some modern travellers, who state it at one hundred and thirty-seven feet, some of whom even give a fraction of a foot, is perfectly absurd. The calculation does not admit of accuracy, owing not so much to the agitation of the waters as to the thick cloud of spray and vapor, which conceal from the sight not only the place of concussion, but a considerable part of the falling column. We were well satisfied, from our own observation, that one hundred and forty feet could not be far from the truth; and perhaps there are as many who would exceed as there are who would fall short of that estimate.

The depth of the water in the abyss below can never be ascertained, but the deep thunder which proceeds from it proves it to be very great. The form of the

principal fall, which is called the Horseshoe, is well expressed by that name, except that the angle which projects up-stream is more acute than that formed at the toe of the Horseshoe, and, as we were informed, is even more acute than it was one year ago. On the western bank, just at the water's edge above the cataract, is a large flat rock called the Table Rock, which at some period made a part of the river's bed, and from whence one has a very commanding view of the rapids above, and of all the falls below, except the nearest fall. The depth to which the water falls is so great that part of it is concealed from the view, before it reaches the bottom, by the rock itself. We all of us made several attempts to throw a stone from this rock so far into the water below that we might see it strike, but none of us could effect it.

The Table Rock affords almost a faint view of the "Fort Schlosser Fall," so called, which is beyond the island on the eastern side of the river. The water in that fall is of a snowy whiteness, more so than at the Horseshoe, because, though the quantity is probably not a quarter part so great, yet it is full half as wide. The fall there, too, is twenty feet greater, and is more exactly perpendicular, because the water descends less in the rapids above, and therefore approaches the precipice with less velocity. Following the edge of the precipice from shore to shore, the whole extent is about a mile; two parts of which are occupied by the Horseshoe, one by the island, and one by the Fort Schlosser Fall. The distance directly across is not probably more than two thirds as far.

The lower side of the island, which coincides with the

line of the falls, is of the same perpendicular elevation, and of solid rock. Having, according to custom, examined this wonderful phenomenon from the Table Rock, we proceeded down the river to the place where, by the help of a ladder, it is practicable to descend to the edge of the water below the fall. To comprehend this difficulty, one must know that from the foot of the fall to the village of Queenstown, seven or eight miles downstream, the river flows in a kind of canal or trench, the banks or sides of which are of solid rock, of the same elevation at first as the precipice at the fall, and this elevation gradually increases as the water sinks in its course. These banks some ways from the bottom are perpendicular, but near the top they project towards the river so much that the Table Rock itself is thought to extend near four rods beyond the sides of the rock which supports it underneath.

The ladder above mentioned is called the Simeoe Ladder, because it was provided by order of the lady of the late governor of that name. It is situated about three quarters of a mile below the Table Rock, at a place where the bank does not project so much as at most other places, and where there is a mass of the fallen rock for its foot to rest on, from whence one may make his way to the river. The passage of this ladder is by some thought to be so perilous that they forego their curiosity rather than attempt it. This actually happened with a gentleman who was there about an hour before us. The ladder is placed edgeways against the bank, a little declining from a perpendicular direction. It is but poorly secured to some small trees at the top by pieces of old iron hoops, and the bottom rests on a

rock. After you have descended a few feet, you perceive that the bank from whence you stepped on the ladder projects, and that you seem to be suspended in the air. From the foot of the ladder, the approach to the foot of the falls is rendered extremely difficult by the immense and irregular masses of rock which have fallen from the side, and a guide is necessary to conduct you. For notwithstanding that the fall for the most part is full in view, yet the path is sometimes through fissures of rock or between detached fragments, from whence a stranger would find it difficult to extricate himself; and, should he deviate too much towards the river, he would be in danger, from the slippery state of the rocks occasioned by the spray, of falling into the water.

The beach, if it may be called such, is from one to ten rods wide, and consists entirely of loose rocks. The passage along this beach would be comparatively pleasant, were it not for the distressing apprehension, which it is impossible to suppress, that other fragments of the rock may fall from the precipice over your head, while you are passing. The rock which constitutes the bank is disposed in strata, the upper and principal of which are of limestone, others are of slate, no freestone or granite. Many other mineral substances are to be observed in it; and streams of pure sulphur ooze from crevices of the rock in several places, and leave a yellow concretion on the wall from thence to the bottom.

Having, while yet at a good distance, prepared ourselves to be wet, by leaving all our surplus clothing on a rock, we proceeded towards the foot of the rock. Our first attempt was to ascertain how far it was practicable,

as some travellers have affected to get between the falling water and the rock behind it. We accordingly passed along close to the perpendicular side, as far as we thought it prudent, much further than it was convenient, and we believed as far, at least within a very few feet, as it is practicable to go. We might, perhaps, with propriety say that the very edge, the feather edge of the water, poured over our heads, and fell in front of us. But the spray was as profuse as rain in the most copious showers; and a storm of wind, which perpetually rushes from behind the falling column, once deprived us of breath by its violence, and of sight, by dashing the water into our eyes. We could perceive, however, behind the column it was dark, and we were moreover treading upon a shelving mass of crumbled slate, which would scarcely support us, which was so mixed with the water that live eels* were actually moving about between our feet, and a false step, or sudden precipice which we might not be able to discern, would have plunged us where nothing could have saved us from instant destruction. From these considerations, it will readily be believed that not many adventurers have proceeded further, and none much further, than we did; and, as it could not with any propriety of speech be said that we were between the river and the rock over which it pours, by several rods, it may safely be affirmed that such a notion is altogether chimerical. Indeed, were there a firm foundation to travel on behind the water, and could one with safety be placed there, it would require a miracle to pre-

* Major Williams picked up one of these eels, and brought it away in his pocket. They were small and light-colored, and seemingly of a very delicate texture.

vent his being immediately suffocated. Being satisfied, therefore, upon this point, we retired out of the reach of the tempest, to a place where we could leisurely contemplate the scene around us. When the wind is favorable for driving off the cloud which rises from the centre of the Horseshoe, much more of the cataract may be seen than at other times. The wind was not in the most favorable state while we were there. The view, nevertheless, was exceeding grand and impressive, much more so than from the Table Rock. Above, it is true, you can see the whole descent of the water, by observing a part of the column at some distance from you : but that distance diminishes its apparent height and velocity, and below, you see with most distinctness that part of the column which is nearest to you, and which falls almost at your feet.

Above, therefore, you can hardly persuade yourself that the fall is so great as it is, but below, the river seems literally to proceed out from the clouds. The noise also, which upon the Table Rock is a heavy roar, is so intense below that it is difficult to carry on conversation. There is in it a peculiar hurry and vehemence, and it is said by some to communicate a tremulous motion to the surrounding country. Besides the dense cloud which ascends from the bottom of the Horseshoe, there is a vapor and mist continually falling, to the distance of one hundred rods, so that at all times when the sun shines you may here see a rainbow. Considerable quantities of lumber, which had come over the fall from the saw-mills above, were cast up among the rocks on the shore. They were rounded and smoothed on all sides, much like the under surface of a wooden sled-runner,

when nearly worn out. We had been told that the carcases of dead fish which had perished in the fall were to be found strewed along the shore. We saw none such. We met with dead and putrid fish upon the rocks in many places, but they had been caught by fishermen, and had probably been left by accident. We saw several persons angling there for the white and black bass, who appeared to be pretty successful.

Men and other animals who have been known to be carried over the falls have never been discovered afterwards. We were told that, the week before we were there, an old squaw, in a fit of derangement, folded herself up in her blanket, and committed herself to the current some ways above ; that she was soon after seen in the rapids, and never since. She must have perished before she reached the precipice.

Although the opposite or Fort Schlosser Fall is the loftiest, yet in majesty and grandeur it yields so entirely to the other that it is for some time difficult to bestow any attention on it ; alone, it would be accounted a wonder. The general course of the water at the falls is north-west : as soon as it strikes the bottom, it inclines to the north-east, and continues that direction about a mile and a half, where it again bends more to the westward, and passes out of sight. The stream is so contracted below the fall that you can hardly persuade yourself that it is all there. The water, which at first is of a milky whiteness, does not resume its natural color in less than half a mile. Even then, its agitation and the air which has escaped from it give it the appearance of boiling. At length, however, as if fatigued with his exertions, the river assumes a more calm and

settled appearance, and indulges a seemingly needful repose, as if conscious he has performed his capital exploit, and that he never can hope to exhibit himself to so much advantage again, he withdraws from public observation, and conceals himself in a narrow channel, which he had excavated through the solid rock for that purpose, till he arrives at Queenstown. There, unwilling to remain longer useless, he comes forth once more into an open country, and permits himself to be familiarly approached. He generously expands to receive such burdens as mankind choose to place on his bosom, and conveys them with an easy dignity, till he resigns up all to Lake Ontario.

It is often inquired how near to Niagara Falls it is safe to cross the river. The river above, I answer, it may be said from the mouth of the Chippeway, which is less than three miles, the inhabitants make no scruple to pass; and, in fact, Chippeway is the landing-place where bateaux to and from Lake Erie receive and discharge their loading.

Some caution, however, is required in securing boats at this landing, so as to prevent their being drawn off into the stream. We were told of two Frenchmen who had fallen asleep in their boat at Chippeway, but the boat, by some accident, getting adrift, when they awaked they found themselves in the canal leading to the saw-mills by the side of the rapids. It is not prudent, if practicable, to attempt to navigate the river much lower than Chippeway. Formerly, it was not uncommon to cross from the eastern shore to the head of the island which divides the falls, and many people in the vicinity remember when sheep were pastured on that island as

a place of security. At this time, however, an attempt to pass to it would be attended with imminent hazard, and it is much to be doubted whether it would be possible to return.

Friday, July 26th. The land in the vicinity of Chippeway is very fertile and easily cultivated. Stevens, our landlord, who is an emigrant from Connecticut, complained of the cheapness of provisions there, as a discouragement to the settlement. He said that last year wheat was but three York shillings a bushel (*i.e.* thirty-seven and a half cents), and that he was afraid it would not be more than two shillings this year. He further said the inhabitants of Canada entertained such a prejudice against the people of the United States as effectually precluded all intercourse with them, and that it would be difficult to persuade a Canadian Frenchman that, if he were to attempt to carry his produce or drive his cattle into the States for a market, he would not be robbed and murdered.

Stevens's objection can apply only to a man who, like himself, wishes to amass an estate by agriculture; but, in the language of a barber whom we met with at Geneva, that must surely be a good country for the poor man where bread is cheap. In short, as all this region affords the necessaries of life, excellent in quality and abundant in quantity, with little labor, it does not require the gift of prophecy to foretell that in process of time it will swarm with inhabitants. There is here a block-house and a small garrison of British troops; there is also a garrison at Fort Erie, about eighteen miles above, and another at Niagara, the same distance below.

After taking an early dinner, we resumed our journey.

Passing by the rapids, we left the wagon, and took a nearer view of them than we had done the preceding day, by descending to the water's edge. We here realized what travellers have often mentioned, that, upon every review of any part of the Falls of Niagara, one's admiration is increased. From Chippeway to Queenstown is eleven miles. After passing the Falls, the river is not to be seen from the road for seven or eight miles, although it cannot be at any considerable distance. The face of the country, as the road goes, the whole length from Lake Erie to Queenstown, is remarkably level, and certainly has no perceptible descent. At the latter place, however, it falls at once, as much and more than the road by the side of the Great Falls, to the surface of the water below them. This consideration, with others before mentioned, and the appearance of the river banks just where it emerges from its confinement, leave no doubt on the mind that here was once the Cataract.

The banks exhibit several strata of rock, worn through perpendicularly by the violence of the current; and a regular glacis or gradation of descent, from ledge to ledge, to the surface of the bank in the village. The Cataract must therefore originally have been a series of cascades. The river at this place is not more than a quarter of a mile wide; an eddy sets back on each side; the current, nevertheless, is not more rapid than in many other places where it is six times as wide. Therefore, the water must here be very deep, which indeed is a necessary consequence of the force with which the torrent formerly descended from the precipice above. We understood that some attempts had been made last winter through the ice to measure this depth, and that it was

found to exceed sixty fathoms; but it was doubtful, at last, whether the bottom had been ascertained.

The ridge which forms the precipice goes off both eastward and westward, at right angles from the river, to an unknown distance. From the eminence, just before we descended into the village of Queenstown, we first had a prospect of Lake Ontario stretching in front of us, and forming the horizon from north-west to north-east. We could also distinctly trace the river, passing into the lake between the town of Niagara on the west and the American fort of the same name on the east bank, and perceived that the schooner, in which by sending a messenger forward we had engaged our passage over the lake, and which we had expected to find at Queenstown, was under sail down the river. We knew that she was to stop at Niagara, and that she would wait for us there till the next morning, yet we were apprehensive that, if a fair wind should spring up in the night, she might put off before that time without us; and, as the accommodations at Queenstown did not appear inviting, we stopped there but a few minutes, and then pursued our journey to Niagara, seven miles, to Gilbert's Hotel.

The town of Niagara will probably in a few years become a place of importance. It is bounded on the east by the river, and on the north by the lake. The surface of the surrounding country is level, and the soil appears to be tolerably good. The town is laid out into streets and squares, and the population is already considerable. A few years since, it was the seat of government; but, it being found not to be so central a situation with respect to the Province as the other side of the

lake, the public offices and assemblies have been lately transferred to York. The southern shore of the lake is very regular, and almost exactly east and west. From the cape formed by the eastern bank of the river, a bar runs off in a north-westerly direction two or three miles, which has been the occasion of frequent accidents. We were told that not many years since a vessel sailed from the river, that the captain and most of the crew had been drinking freely, and in a sudden gale she soon, with a company of soldiers on board, struck on this bar, and went to pieces in sight of the town, and that every person on board perished. To prevent disasters on this bar in the night, a stone light-house has been erected on the banks of the lake, and which answers the purpose at a very trifling expense.

Saturday, July 27th. We were better fed than lodged at the hotel, on account of the number of guests whom we found there. Among others, we here overtook Dr. Woodhouse of Philadelphia, and Mr. Gilmore of Baltimore, who were prosecuting the same tour with ourselves, and whom we had constantly heard of just ahead of us, ever since our leaving Ballston Springs. These gentlemen are both mineralogists, and had both travelled extensively, particularly Mr. Gilmore, in Europe as well as America. He showed us all the specimens of fossil and mineral substances which he had collected during this journey. They amounted to some scores, and afforded us much entertainment. He added some to his stock by pebbles found on the beach of Lake Ontario. This beach also affords the same kind of shining sand which we had seen at Lake Erie.

We had contemplated passing the afternoon at the

American fort, the surgeon of which had sent us a polite card to take tea there; but, the wind coming fair, we were summoned to embark, and at six o'clock took our departure from the wharf, on board the schooner "Governor Simcoe," Captain Samson master. Samson was from Harvard in Massachusetts; and, although he has the reputation of being the best captain on the lake, we found him a surly, disobliging fellow, and not a little inclined to intemperance. His vessel was clean, well found, and commodious, and well supplied with whatever we could wish, except beds. The cargo consisted of furs, and was estimated at thirty thousand pounds sterling. The passage money, which was two guineas each person, we understood to be a perquisite of the captain, for which he also provided stores. This was not very expensive with respect to many of us, for we were soon so sea-sick as to be incapable of eating anything. There were twelve passengers in all. The crew, besides the captain and cook, consisted of eight hands, most of whom were English sailors. The wind during the night was light, and towards morning ahead, so that we were obliged to beat.

Sunday, July 28th. In the morning, we could discern the mountains of Toronto behind the town of York on the northern shore. These mountains can be seen across the lake from Niagara, in still and clear weather. We could also see the shore which we had left. The last object that disappeared was the light-house at Niagara. By eleven o'clock A.M., the wind having again become fair, we were completely out of sight of land, and, as far as we could judge by the color of the water, we were off of soundings. The shores of this

lake are generally bold, and it is said that at a moderate distance from the land it is without soundings.

The depth of water in Lake Erie is generally about thirty fathoms, and in no place exceeds fifty fathoms. Michigan is also shoal, but Huron and Superior are deep. Lake Ontario is never frozen entirely over, but is always open through the winter, within sight of the shore. We had been told that it was the same with Lake Erie; but Stevens, our host at Chippeway, told us that he had himself driven two horses in a sleigh across it, some ways above the fort, where it is ten miles wide, and from thence along the southern shore one hundred miles to Presque Isle, and that the ice was generally two or three feet thick. Whether the upper lakes are entirely frozen over in winter does not seem to be known, but it is certain that they are, so far as can be seen from the land. In summer, vessels of burden can pass from Erie into Huron, and thence into Michigan. Bateaux can pass from Lake Superior into Huron, but cannot return, on account of the rapidity of the current at the fall of St. Mary. There are about twenty vessels on Lake Ontario, most of which are employed in carrying salt from Oswego to various ports, and in transporting goods between Niagara and Kingston. Notwithstanding the depth of water, the navigation is dangerous in bad weather for the want of sea room and safe ports. Niagara, York, and Kingston are the only secure harbors into which the passage is easy. Sodus Bay, on the southern shore, is an excellent harbor, but the entrance is over a dangerous bar. As the face of the country in the vicinity of the lake is in general level, the winds which blow over it are more steady than they would

be if they were obstructed by neighboring mountains, but for the same reason are more violent, and sometimes produce a surge that no exertions can combat. It is thought that a greater proportion of vessels are lost here than on the ocean itself.

In the afternoon, the wind freshened so much that, by throwing the log, we ascertained our progress to be at the rate of eight miles an hour. The swell was heavy, but our course, which was E. N. E., was directly across it, and it was therefore attended with no inconvenience. Towards evening, the sky near the horizon became smoky and hazy, and in the night the stars were only to be seen near the zenith. From the rate at which we were going, it was pretty certain that by ten o'clock, not far from the time expected, we should be near the Long Point, so called, which projects from the northern shore far out into the lake, about fifty miles from Kingston. The steersman alarmed the captain by declaring that he heard the surge breaking on the beach, when, upon heaving the lead, we were found to be in less than five fathoms of water. The vessel was immediately put about, and we went off within a few points of the track in which we had come, with such expedition that in an hour's time we had deepened our water to fifty fathoms. Between one and two o'clock, we resumed our course.

July 29th. In the morning, we were out of sight of land, but made it again about eight o'clock. It proved to be two islands, called Providence Islands, which apprised us that we were in a proper course; and, with the help of a brisk and favorable wind, at eleven o'clock we arrived at Kingston, God be praised. From Niagara to Kingston, one hundred and eighty miles. We met

with no small difficulty in procuring lodgings at Kingston. We casually met Judge Cartwright on the street, and, though we did not then know him, asked his directions. He said he lamented that their village could not afford better accommodations, but named several houses where he thought it advisable for us to make an experiment. Having examined three or four, and found them small, filthy, and ill-supplied, we at length forced ourselves upon Walker, who keeps the hotel here, notwithstanding he said his beds were all occupied. While we were dining, two young British officers, who were at table, and who were lodgers in the house, politely offered us their beds, with the aid of which, by dividing them and spreading them upon the hall floor, we made out to sleep very comfortably. We found at the same house a young gentleman and his wife just from London, and now on their way to the British upper posts. He comes out in quality of Surveyor-General of Upper Canada. She is handsome, and appears to be an accomplished woman, such as one would not expect to meet in this depth of obscurity.

Our fare at Walker's was good. His means are not equal to his wishes, but he and his people are very obliging. At dinner, we had among other dishes the head and shoulders of a *maskinonge*, boiled. This is a fish of the pike kind, but much larger than the fish of that sort usually are found. Some of them are said to weigh fifty or sixty pounds. We saw none, however, that would weigh much more than twenty pounds. They make a very good dish. After dining, we delivered our letters to Judge Cartwright, and Mr. Robinson, his kinsman. Judge Cartwright is a member of the

Council, or upper house of the Legislature of this Province, an office which is now hereditary. He received us politely, and showed us all the civility and attention that the time and circumstances would permit.

Kingston stands on a peninsula on the mainland, having Lake Ontario to the south, and the outlet called here the Lake of One Thousand Islands, the beginning of the river St. Lawrence, to the east. It is regularly laid out into streets and squares in the manner of a city. As yet it is but partially built. When completed, the whole area will be about a mile and a quarter. The court-house, jail, and church, and most of the dwelling-houses and fences here, are of limestone. The whole town stands on a rock of limestone, but slightly covered with earth. Judge Cartwright's garden does him great credit. It is near the centre of the town, is surrounded with a high wall, and appears to be well cultivated and attended. Peach-trees, which do well on the south side of Lake Ontario, do not thrive here; even those which are secured and protected by the northern wall of the garden perish by reason of the severity of the winter, before they are of an age to bear. At the southern extremity of Kingston, the house of Parson Stuart is situated in a romantic spot. Behind it is a handsome garden and an orchard, and in front a beautiful piece of natural forest of beech-trees, free from under-brush, and which extends from the door of the house about ten rods, to the shore of Lake Ontario. A more delightful situation for repose or meditation can hardly be conceived. Behind, you have a view of both town and country; before is a diversified prospect of land and water, while the ear is gratified at the same

time with the melody of the birds and the murmur of the beach.

In a cove which makes up into the mainland on the northern side of Kingston is a king's dock-yard. There is an island in the entrance of the river, on which a garrison is stationed, as there is also in the town itself. To one accustomed to see rivers occasionally overflow their banks, it is singular to observe how securely the people here build by the water's edge. Inundations are not known in the St. Lawrence. Judge Cartwright informed us that from long observation he is able to state that there is a regular annual rise in the waters of Lake Ontario, beginning about the first of April, and continuing to increase till about the first of July; that it is never more than three feet, and seldom more than two.

Chestnut, black walnut, and many other kinds of wood which are common on the south side of the lake, are not found on its north side, but instead thereof the evergreens are the prevailing woods.

At Kingston, we saw considerable numbers of the Messessaga Indians. They are filthy, indolent, and miserable wretches, free as Paine himself would wish, and a fine specimen of the infinite perfectibility of man. We found no bateaux at Kingston, about to descend the river. Mr. Smith and Mr. Reynolds, gentlemen concerned in the fur-trade, and Mr. Hern, a Scotch trader, settled at Niagara, who had crossed the lake with us, purchased a Schenectady boat, and hired four Frenchmen to row her to Montreal, which having done, they politely offered us, together with Dr. Woodhouse and Mr. Gilmore, a share of the purchase. We found

that the boat would conveniently carry us all. We were ill-provided with lodgings, and uncertain when an opportunity would offer to go in the usual mode in bateaux; and, as they go always loaded, we should be obliged, if we should go in them, to divide our company. We therefore gladly accepted the offer; and having provided ourselves with provisions for the voyage, including a supply of Port and Madeira wines, we embarked early in the morning of July 30, to the number of fourteen in all, upon the Lake of One Thousand Islands, and shaped our course for Montreal.

We had been taught to hope that we might go from Kingston to Montreal in two days; but we soon found this a vain expectation. To effect such a progress requires a strong and favorable breeze, and sails to make the most of it. We had not the good fortune to enjoy either of these advantages, and we soon found our boat's crew were not as expert or skilful in the navigation of the river as the generality of the watermen who ply upon it. They were now returning from a long expedition to the Indian country, and had for some time been unused to this particular kind of labor. Our whole progress, therefore, this day, was short of forty miles, although we lost but very little time at rest or refreshment. We dined on a bare rock on an uninhabited island, the last in the Lake of One Thousand Islands, and which we called Smith's Island, in compliment to the gentleman who acted as our conductor.

The name of the lake we found not to be hyperbolical, as we had at first supposed. We verily believed that we saw very near one thousand islands. Mr. Gilmore affirmed that he counted fifty in view at one time.

They are of various sizes, some containing fifty acres or more, and others not a quarter of an acre. They form a labyrinth, through which it requires the experience of a pilot to find a passage. The scene is continually changing; sometimes you seem to be completely land-locked, with a shore at no great distance in every direction. In a few minutes, extensive sheets of water expand to the view, and you then perceive that what before seemed to be perhaps but one is in reality several islands. Sometimes you are in still water as of a lake, and forthwith find yourself in the strong current of a river. As you emerge from the islands and come into the view of both shores of the river, the prospect downstream is remarkably fine. The breadth from shore to shore is from one to two miles, but in the direction of the river north-eastward the sky and water unite.

At night we went ashore on the west side, and procured a cup of tea in a log house owned by a Whitney, a settler from Stamford, in Connecticut. He has been here about five years; he owns five hundred acres of land on the river, which cost him forty dollars at first, and all his taxes since have been but sixty cents, which was for the repair of roads. He has one hundred acres under cultivation, and has a fine young orchard growing near his house. His people have often ploughed up the heads of Indian arrows of flint. It being the time of wheat harvest, we saw his people threshing some in the open air on a flat rock. The family did all in their power to oblige us, but the house would accommodate no more than two of us. Mr. Smith and Mr. Hern concluded to sleep in the boat for the security of the property during the voyage, and the rest of us for this time

slept in the barn. Although our accommodations in a small log barn were neither spacious nor splendid, they were nevertheless pleasant. We had sweet fresh hay for our bed, we were agreeably fanned by a soft breeze, the mild light of the moon and the gentle murmur of the beach were particularly favorable to repose, and never was sleep more grateful or refreshing.

July 31st. On awakening, we learned the disagreeable news that the wind was stiff ahead. Certain bateaux which we had met the day before, just as we were coming out of Kingston harbor, had passed us in the night on their return, and, as we judged by the smoke, were now stopping for breakfast at an island about half a mile below us. After considerable consultation, it was thought best for us to make some progress before breakfast. Our crew, of their own head, made for the island where the bateaux were. It was fortunate they did so: they had discovered somewhat of a refractory and mutinous spirit yesterday, and, not having been lately used to labor so hard, they were ill-disposed to row against the wind to-day. We conjectured also that the steersman was conscious of his want of ability to conduct the boat with safety down the many dangerous rapids below, and was glad, therefore, of an opportunity to quarrel, as an excuse for refusing to proceed with us. Having reached the island, they made our boat fast, and joined the Frenchmen belonging to the bateaux, who were eating at a fire among the bushes. Finding that we were to remain here till they should have got their breakfast and felt disposed to proceed, we remonstrated, and desired to be set back to Whitney's, that we too might get a breakfast. They immediately flew into a

rage, said they never had so many masters at once, took their baggage out of the boat, and swore they would row us no further. Our situation for a little time was very unpleasant, and we seemed to have no alternative but to row ourselves. But labor was not the only requisite in our case: none of us possessed the skill and experience necessary to enable us to pass the rapids with safety. The neighboring country is almost entirely a wilderness, and there are no roads on either shore, so that we might travel by land. Fortunately, one of the bateaux at the island was double manned. There not being loading enough at Kingston for all the bateaux which went up yesterday,—exclusive of the furs belonging to the North-west Company, and which they choose to have transported by their own people,—the crew of one of them had left her there till another opportunity. They here offered us their services at a moderate rate. As we were in no condition to decline, we gladly accepted them, and soon found that we had reason to rejoice in the change; that we had got a much better set of hands, with a more discreet and civil conductor. All the boats started from the island together, but ours soon left the others, and in the course of the day we lost sight of them. Having now cleared the islands, so that our course was direct,—the wind having subsided, and our crew in fine spirits, which we took care occasionally to recruit by artificial means,—we advanced with great speed.

The shores, which had been rocky and abrupt, subsided into agreeable slope. The settlements upon them begin to thicken, and the country bids fair in time to be thrifty and populous. Our hands entertained us

much with a great many French songs, which they sing in alternate sentences, keeping time to the music with their oars. We stopped to deliver a letter at the village of Oswegatchie, at the mouth of the river of the same name, on the New York side. Here is an ancient French stone fort in ruins, and a modern town just in embryo. The legal name of the place is Ogdensburg. It seems favorably situated to prosper, having the advantage of a stand for mills on the Oswegatchie within half a mile of its mouth, and of water carriage by means of the St. Lawrence, which is here more than two miles wide. We met several bateaux this day passing up the river. They were almost all navigated by Frenchmen, who make it an invariable practice to blackguard and vilify each other as they pass, with the most sarcastic and abusive language they can invent. Our hands seemed no ways inferior to their brethren in this sort of compliment. A few miles below Oswegatchie, we passed the first rapid, called the *Galotte* [Galops]; further on, the rapid, *Plut*; and below, the *Catfish* rapid. None of these are considered formidable. We passed an Indian town on the New York side; and Johnstown, a growing village and county town, on the other.

The British Government take great pains to promote the settlement and prosperity of their territory, and not without considerable success. Settlements, however, are beginning on the American side, and the enterprise of our countrymen is observable in the construction of mills, which are made to go with the natural current of the river, not only at the rapids, but even where the water does not flow more than two or three miles an hour. In this last case, the large water-wheel moves

very slow, but by multiplying the gear the mill-stones move sufficiently fast. About ten o'clock at night, we halted at a public house, kept by Lousk, a Dutchman. We found it a good house, but had not time to enjoy many of its comforts. Our whole progress this day was sixty miles.

August 1st, 1805. At three o'clock in the morning, we proceed down the river to Bernard's, to breakfast, eighteen miles ; a very good house. In this course, we passed the rapid called the Long Sault, a frightful place. The water runs with great velocity here for half a mile. It is necessary that the boat should be directed exactly across the billows, to prevent it from oversetting and rolling over like a log, as it would certainly do, if its side was turned to the current. Many fatal accidents have happened at this place. Lord Amherst lost five hundred of his army here for want of skilful pilots. Even our hands lost their wonted vivacity on approaching the Long Sault, and the conductor gave them a charge that, while shooting it, they should fix their eyes on him. They did so. All was silence except the roaring of the waters. Sometimes the hands rowed, and sometimes they held back. We went with astonishing rapidity, and in about five minutes were past the danger, to the very sensible relief of us all. The watermen on this side consider the first passage of this rapid as so much of an exploit that they make a practice to sprinkle, or *baptize*, as they call it, every person on his first approach to it. Our hands prepared to serve us in this manner, observing, however, that they would do it delicately ; but we declined undergoing the operation at all, and easily bought our peace by the promise of a small *douceur*

on our arrival at Montreal. A little below the Long Sault, on the westerly side, stands the town of Cornwall. About seven o'clock, we resumed our course, and reached the head of the Lake St. Francis. This lake is, properly speaking, no more than a swell or enlargement of the river, and is in no place more than ten miles wide, and generally not more than half that distance. We here discovered the mountains in the neighborhood of Lake Champlain, the first we had seen for some hundred miles. The wind blowing fresh and directly ahead, the boat was obliged to stop, and we proceeded on foot a mile or two, to Cameron's, to dine; from Bernard's, ten miles. Cameron was from Perth, in Scotland. Mr. Gilmore told the landlady that he had been in Perth. She immediately said she wondered what could have induced him to leave so fine a place as Perth, and come into such a wilderness. They keep a pretty good house. We dined on white bass, boiled and smoked eels. The limestone about Cameron's is composed entirely of small shells. At half-past one, the wind having abated, we again embarked, and traversed Lake St. Francis in a direct line nearly through the centre, to McGee's, or McKie's, eighteen miles, where we took tea. This house stands on Point Bourdett [Pointe au Bodet], so called, a romantic spot projecting into the lake. The view from this point up the river is like one through a bay or river into the sea. In some points, the horizon is formed by the sky and water; in others, islands interrupt the prospect, and on some of them the trees seem half-sunk in the water, while on others they are so nearly lost as to resemble the masts of ships riding at anchor. McGee keeps a very good house, and his wife is a Cana-

dian Frenchwoman. She speaks no English, but is very neat and industrious. At half-past seven o'clock in the evening, we resumed our course. Before we stopped again, we could hear the rapids roar at the Coteau du Lac. At ten, we arrived at McIntire's, a Scotchman's, to sleep, nine miles; making the whole of this day's progress, fifty-five miles. Lake St. Francis may be said to begin at Cameron's and end at McIntire's. If so, its length is twenty-seven miles; but, if all the islands are considered as being in the lake, it is much longer. Upon the whole, this was a very disagreeable day to me. To be confined in a leaky, defective, heavy-loaded, open boat, having fourteen persons on board: rushing with frightful velocity down foaming rapids: traversing Lake St. Francis against the wind, many miles from land, with a considerable sea running: coursing in the night along an unknown shore, sometimes entangled among bulrushes, at others hurried away by currents, the sky lowering and threatening a storm, and the rapids of Coteau du Lac roaring within our hearing,—altogether rendered this part of our journey extremely unpleasant. But, God be praised, we arrived here in safety, and slept soundly till three o'clock in the morning of August 2d. We shot the rapids called the Coteau du Lac, and proceeded to the village called the Cedars, standing at the head of the rapids of the same name. To McMillan's, to breakfast, nine miles; a poor tavern. Here six of us left the boat, and went in calashes to the foot of the rapids. Major Williams, Mr. Gilmore, and Mr. Smith remained, and went over the rapids in the boat. We witnessed this passage from the land. Sometimes their course was winding along the shore, at others it was on

the ridge of the current, occasioned by the compression of the water in passing among obstructing rocks; sometimes their descent from rock to rock was so sudden that they twice struck; but at last they shot directly through the billows, occasioned by the current meeting with the still water in Lake St. Louis. This passage is accounted nine miles in length. We thought it hardly so much. It is considered, and very justly, as attended with danger, although the gentlemen who performed it said they thought its terrors had been exaggerated. We all resumed our seats in the boat, including two fresh passengers whom we took in at the Cedars, and proceeded over Lake St. Louis to La Chine on the island of Montreal, eighteen miles, where we landed at noon.

Lake St. Louis may properly be said to commence at the foot of the rapids, and to extend to the island of Montreal. It is six or eight miles wide, and comprehends the island of Perault, on which, as we passed it, we observed several houses, a church, windmill, and other buildings. Wherever we could discern the shores of the lake, they were covered with settlements. Looking from one end to the other, or up the passage which communicates with the lake of the two mountains, the shore cannot be seen. At the foot of the rapids, we first descried the mountain behind Montreal, and at the same time observed on the left the two mountains near the lake of that name, and on the right the mountains towards the northern end of Lake Champlain. But notwithstanding the picturesque and interesting views which presented themselves on every side, the passage of Lake St. Louis was far from being pleasant. At the entrance, we were rocked in the trough of the surge,

occasioned by the rapids meeting the still waters; and, when we took our course directly across it, we had the wind ahead, with a considerable swell. The boat leaked faster than before, owing as well to the increase of her load as to her having struck the rocks. We were two or three miles from the nearest shore, and in case of accident we could expect no assistance. The wind, however, subsided, when we should have been most exposed to it, but freshened again soon after we reached La Chine. Here ended our navigation of the lakes and river of Canada.

To have accomplished so arduous an undertaking afforded us no small satisfaction, but it would not be easy to persuade any of us to repeat this part of our excursion. For near a week, we had been rocking on the water, and most of that time had been confined eighteen hours in twenty-four to our boat. Of course, we had been equally unable to take our regular meals, or to indulge in exercise or repose. We had been exposed to the heat of the day and the damps of the night; to the perils of navigating extensive waters in an open boat, with the wind generally adverse; and to the more imminent hazard of passing rapids that seemed to defy our approach. Certain I am that I have formed a resolution never again to attempt a water passage, unless the reason in favor of that mode of conveyance should greatly preponderate. Yet our journey down the river was comparatively prosperous. The headwind was almost the only unfavorable circumstance that attended it. Most of the time the weather was so cloudy as to protect us from the sunshine, and yet it did not rain until the night after we landed, when it

poured down profusely. We had withal an obliging, active, and indefatigable boat's crew. I have never known men perform so much hard labor, and take so little repose in the same time. The Canadians seem to be peculiarly fitted for this kind of toil, although in general they are not remarkable either for industry or enterprise. We were particularly careful not only to pay our boatmen their stipulated wages, but to make them considerable additional gratuities, which they very thankfully received. We were induced to this, not more by a sense of gratitude for the services they had rendered us, than by a desire to punish the crew who forsook us at the island, who we were persuaded would not fail to hear of our liberality, and to regret that they had perversely lost the opportunity of sharing it. Not able to procure a decent dinner at La Chine, we hired calashes, and proceeded over a new turnpike road, which already needs repair, to Montreal, seven miles. We found that the customary hour of dining here is four o'clock, so that we were in good season. We made head-quarters at Hamilton's Hotel, which is a most excellent house, not only as it respects the accommodations, but also the attendance and supplies.

August 3d. Mr. Gilmore, who had travelled in France, pronounced Montreal to be an exact representation of a French village. Its appearance was novel to most of us on account of its antiquity. The houses are generally small, built of a dull-colored stone, and furnished with iron window-shutters and doors. The windows are small, and few in number. The entrance is sometimes through a court, which is walled against the

street, so that you cannot see the house-door as you pass. The general appearance of the town therefore, at first, is gloomy. Many of the roofs here are covered with tinned plates. They look very well, and are said to be proof against the weather. A stranger is much at a loss in Montreal to know where stores or shops of any kind are kept. There are but few signs to be seen, and there is no display of wares in the windows; nor is it easy to discover any difference in the form or exterior appearance between stores and dwelling-houses.

We this morning attended in the large Roman Catholic Church the funeral service of a M. Corville, a gentleman of some note, who had died two days before. The church was hung in black, and the external light was sparingly admitted, but its place was supplied by the light of a prodigious number of wax tapers which were burning within. I counted one hundred and fifty on the kind of pyramid on which the corpse was placed. The mummery, frivolity, and silly ceremonies of the service, exceeded what I had expected even from Papists, and my wonder was excited that even ignorance itself should be amused, much less overawed and enslaved, by such a religion. The service was performed by a large number of priests, and a greater number of boys, most of whom were dressed in white, but dirty garments. Several nuns and a large congregation attended. The weather was very warm, and the corpse was offensive. The incense and candles served rather to increase than diminish the disagreeable effluvia, and we were glad therefore to get out into pure air again.

Purposing now to deliver our letters, we had inquired out the house of Stephen Sewall, Esq., to whom one of them was addressed, and were going towards it, but, being struck with the appearance of the town-house as we were passing it, we turned aside to examine it. As we entered the court in front of the building, a gentleman who happened to be there, concluding that we were strangers, politely offered to conduct us. This gentleman proved to be Mr. Sewall, whom we were in quest of. We visited the library; it has been nine or ten years collecting; it is well chosen, and, for its age, numerous. The apartments in this building are well adapted to the uses for which they were intended. There are separate chambers for the respective Courts of Judicature, and commodious rooms, besides, for the Judges, Council, Juries, &c. The body of the house is of stone, and the floors are of oak. The principal door is in the second story, to which the approach is by winding stairs. The court in front is spacious and handsomely walled. Having satisfied our curiosity here, we visited Mr. Sewall at his house. The rain prevented our making a more extensive excursion. We cannot be sufficiently grateful for the favorable weather which we had during our passage down the river. This day it rained much, and blew almost a gale of wind.

Mr. McGillevray, Judge Ogden, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Auldjo, called upon us at our lodgings. We dined at Judge Ogden's. He was formerly of New Jersey, and left it at the time of the American Revolution, on account of his attachment to the Royal cause. He is a pleasant, intelligent, and gentlemanly man. Major Karney, the commanding officer here, Lieutenant Bennet, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. McGillevray, were of the party. We

had a handsome dinner, good wine, and pleasant company. Mr. McGillevray is a large stockholder in the North-west Company. He has resided ten years in the north-west country, in latitude 56° or 57° , and longitude 107° , superintending the fur-trade there. The annual amount of the beaver skins obtained by the company is from fifteen hundred to two thousand packs, each pack weighing from one hundred to one hundred and twenty pounds. To prevent overstocking the English market, the Company send some of these to Canton in China, by the way of New York, and sell others to the Russians, who by means of their caravans introduce them into China, on the opposite side. The most remote post belonging to the North-west Company is west of the Stony Ridge, so called, in latitude 65° , and longitude 118° or 120° . The land to the southward of the post, it is said, is high, so that in winter they do not see the sun for nearly two months. The Company have fifteen hundred Canadians in constant employment at their respective posts, all of whom are kept in perfect order and submission, without any other authority than what their overseers assume. They live extremely low, and perform duties to which nobody else would submit. The Company seem to entertain no great apprehension of danger from the Indians. The chain of posts is strong, the parties which pass from one to another are commonly large, and it would be easy, upon short notice, to collect a force too formidable for the Indians to molest. But notwithstanding all this, and that the Indians, it is said, are well affected to this intercourse, the Company have lately received information that twelve of their people have been killed by the Indians this year.

From Lake Erie to this place, the inhabitants make use of the water of the lakes and river for all purposes. It is remarkably pure and sweet. At Montreal, they drink well water, but use the river water for washing. At this season, the washerwomen are seen standing in the river where the water is a foot or two deep, and beating the clothes with *bâtons* upon wooden stands erected for the purpose. The water of the St. Lawrence is much more pure where it first flows out of Lake Ontario than after it has received the tribute of the lazy streams which join it between that and Montreal.

Sunday, August 4th. We attended divine service in the Episcopalian mode in the Presbyterian Church. The Episcopalians had a house for public worship of their own; but it was destroyed by fire above two years ago, and since that time they have used this building, where they assemble immediately after its proprietors, the Presbyterians, leave it. The congregation was small, but genteel and apparently opulent. The military attended in the gallery. The clergyman who officiated, Mr. Rudd, a young man, gave us a good sermon; but his appearance and manner were rather foppish and affected. We dined with Mr. McGillevray, with what he called a family party, who it seems make a practice of assembling at his table once a week. This gentleman's house is situated on an eminence beyond the suburbs, to the south-eastward from the town, whence there is a charming prospect of an extensive tract of the river, with several of its islands; of the town of Montreal, with its harbor and suburbs; of the village of La Prairie, on the opposite or eastern shore of the river, eight or ten miles distant; and of the distant mountains of Chambly and

Lake Champlain. The house stands on a flat, near a long and steep slope on its south-east side, which it fronts; you approach it on the opposite side, where there is an elegant yard or court between the street and the house. A bell at the street gate announces your arrival, a servant opens to you, and you pass with your carriage by a winding and gravelled way round to the front. Adjoining the court on the south is an extensive and well-managed garden, in which were not only to be seen all the plants usually found in gardens here, but many exotics. Those of milder climates are preserved in a green-house. Peach and other fruit trees are protected from the rigor of winter by a wall.

Mr. McGillevray has also an aviary well stocked, as also deer, rabbits, and other animals tamed, with many other curiosities in and about his house, all of which render it an interesting place to an inquisitive mind. Other inducements to view it, however, are not wanting. Mrs. McGillevray is amiable and accomplished, has an agreeable person, and frank and prepossessing manners. She is from Scotland, and has just enough of the brogue in her speech to make it *pl  asant*. Our dinner was excellent, served up in sumptuous style. We had soup, salmon, roast beef and mutton, geese, ducks, and pigeons, plum pudding, pies and tarts, biscuit, and butter brought from the Grand Portage at the head of Lake Superior, several kinds of English cheese, and a dessert of various kinds of foreign and domestic fruit. Our liquors were London porter, bottled cider, strong ale, madeira, port, claret, and champagne wines. Every thing was excellent in its kind. Ever since we had left New England, we had found the fresh beef, but more especially the mutton, re-

markably well-flavored and palatable, which we ascribed to the wild kind of food upon which those animals subsist in the new countries. We returned to our lodgings on foot, in a charming moon-shine evening.

August 5th. Visited the principal Roman Catholic Church, erected in 1725. It is decorated with considerable taste and much expense. Several ancient people were at their devotions in various parts of the church, which we were told was common at all times of day. It has a chime of well-toned bells; they are not rung, however, in regular cadence or order, but all together.

By the polite invitation of Mr. McGillevray, we visited the North-west Company's warehouse. They have here a very large and accurate manuscript map of Lake Superior, and a part of the country beyond it. It contains much useful information, not to be met with in any printed map. We saw and examined large quantities of furs, which the people were sorting and packing in proper order to be shipped. The finest beaver is sent to St. Petersburg for the China market. The next quality is shipped from the United States for the same country. Most of the residue is manufactured in England. Besides beaver, we here saw the skins of deer, bears, foxes, wolves, buffaloes, muskrats, martens, minks, otters, wolverines, and black foxes. Here is also an assortment of the wares prepared to be sent to the posts for the Indian market. In consequence of the late hour which custom has established for dining, the gentry of Montreal make a practice of taking a little soup, steak, or cold collation about noon, or, in other words, of eating a meal between their breakfast and dinner. We were this day invited by Mr. Salmon,

an English sea-captain, whom we had met with at Mr. McGillevray's, to partake of a repast of this kind on board his ship,—a London trader, called the “Eddy-stone.” Mr. and Mrs. McGillevray, Mrs. Shaw, and Miss Duane were of the party. We had soup, mutton chop, ham, shrimps, porter, and cheese, all served up in a very inviting manner, in a remarkably neat and capacious cabin.

The harbor of Montreal is of great depth, though not capacious. It is a branch only of the river, and the approach to it is through a narrow channel, where the stream is so rapid that vessels are known sometimes to lay at anchor a month or more, within two miles of the harbor, waiting for a strong wind, which alone can enable them to stem the current. Vessels from Europe, therefore, commonly make but one trip to this place in a year. The vessels employed in this trade are well calculated for passengers, and for the accommodation of the officers and crew belonging to them, who enjoy a summer of the most perfect leisure. They commonly remain in harbor here as much as three months. As fast as furs arrive, they are shipped, because when on board they are at the risk of the insurers. Captain Salmon told us that the amount of his ship's freight would be about thirty-five hundred pounds sterling.

We dined at Mr. Sewall's. His mother, who was at table, a pleasant and facetious old lady, was the daughter of Edmund Quincy, Esq., and the wife of Jonathan Sewall, Esq., late king's attorney-general in the province of Massachusetts Bay. She yet smarts from the confiscation of her late husband's estate during the Revolution. Young Mrs. Sewall was from Albany.

She is very agreeable, and much of a lady. There were present Judge Ogden, Dr. Jones, Mr. Clark, Mr. Ogilvey, a very pleasant and intelligent man, and a Miss Caldwell, a young lady who was on a visit here from Albany. We had a handsome dinner and an elegant dessert. A gooseberry at the table measured three inches in circumference. Mr. Sewall is by profession a lawyer, and is said to realize there from six hundred to eight hundred pounds sterling a year. Mr. Reed, another lawyer here, has a still larger professional income.

Tuesday, August 6th. We employed the morning in perambulating the town, and in purchasing such articles at the shops as convenience or fancy suggested. Considering that Canada has been a province of the British Empire for half a century, it is surprising that the English language should not have made a greater progress among its inhabitants. Not one in five of the people in Montreal can speak it, and the proportion of those who are acquainted with it out of the city is still less. It is said that the French inhabitants refuse to be taught to speak English, even when instruction is offered to them gratis, and that they still cherish the prejudices against the English nation for which their ancestors were distinguished, insomuch that the government are of opinion that, if the French should attempt an invasion of Canada, they would be gladly received and assisted by the great body of its French inhabitants.

At one o'clock, by appointment we visited the Hôtel de Dieu, so called, which is a convent of nuns of the order of Ursulines. This was a favor which we pro-

cured by the good offices of Judge Ogden, who had for this purpose obtained the consent of some superior ecclesiastic, which it seems was indispensable. There are here thirty-six nuns. Those we saw were considerably advanced in years, and except two or three were very homely. One of them only could speak English. Judge Ogden, however, assisted occasionally by Mr. Gilmore and Major Williams, kept up a lively conversation with them in French. They generally appeared to be in good spirits, and the Superior was particularly lively and sportive in her conversation. We successively visited their room for transacting business with strangers, which is done through an iron lattice or grating, their sitting-room, their dining-room,—where is a kind of desk or rostrum from which one constantly reads while the rest are eating in silence,—their private chapels, cells, kitchen, working-rooms, common chapel, church, apothecary's store, hospitals for each sex, and garden. They apologized for the disorder which they said their affairs were in, by reason of the spire of their church having been struck with lightning but one fortnight before, when the church itself was set on fire, but by timely assistance it was preserved from destruction. We, however, did not think their apologies necessary; for every thing about them appeared to be well ordered and neat. There were about a dozen sick in the hospitals, amongst whom we remarked one man under the operation of the small-pox. None of either sex, laboring under any disorder, are refused admittance, unless the accommodations are all taken up. The dress of the nuns was the most unbecoming that could be devised. It consisted of a black gown, a piece of linen cloth

which passed with a single thickness tight round the forehead, close to the eyes, and covered the whole head so that no hair was to be seen, and then fell down over the shoulders and breast a foot or more below the chin. Over this was a long black veil. Before was a white linen apron with a pocket in it, which had a very ungraceful and uncouth appearance. Throughout their apartments there prevailed a confined, disagreeable smell, and prison-like gloom. After purchasing a few trifling articles, and depositing a little money by way of acknowledgment in their charity-box, we retired by a passage at a considerable distance from that by which we had entered. The visit fully gratified our curiosity, and confirmed our aversion to this kind of interment of the living, or rather increased it to abhorrence. I could not help fancying that I could occasionally discern in every one of this unfortunate sisterhood a secret regret that the vow was upon her.

We dined with Mr. Clark, formerly of Boston, who is here commissary and quartermaster-general, paymaster, &c. He is a gentleman of useful talents and agreeable manners, and his wife is a lady of handsome figure and accomplishments. Judge Ogden and son, Mr. Sewall, Mr. Richardson, and others, were of the party. We had at dinner, among other dishes, salt fish of the first quality in the New England style; and here too, as at every other place which we had visited in Montreal, we found the liquors all excellent in their kind. Towards evening, we took calashes and rode out to the mountain. We passed by the new house of the late Mr. McTavish, which he has left unfinished, and visited his tomb, which is situated behind the house, in

a thick wood on the mountain side. This situation is the most romantic that can well be imagined. Behind the tomb rises a lofty precipice of perpendicular rocks, one of which forms a detached column, and seems as if intended by nature for a monument. These rocks are composed of regular strata, the uppermost of which are of limestone. They are a part of a ledge or precipice which extends quite round the mountain, and has the appearance of having been worn by water. This is to be accounted for by supposing that most of the island of Montreal, and of course the surrounding country, were once covered to this height by the river, which has since forced a passage through the rocks at Quebec, and between that place and this, so as to leave bare the extensive plains which now border upon it, all of which bear the marks of having been formed by the water. The view from the mountain side is exceedingly picturesque and grand. From the place where you stand, luxuriant and well-cultivated fields extend to the city, all of which, with its suburbs, is directly under your eye. Down the river, for thirty miles or more, you see the water skirted with rich fields, in which are thickly scattered churches, and windmills almost constantly in motion, dwelling-houses, and various other buildings. The fields are bounded by deep woods which terminate the view, except towards the south-east, where the rude mountains of Vermont lift their tops to the clouds.

Mr. McTavish is much regretted by the gentlemen of Montreal, who speak of him as having been a thorough merchant, an accomplished, hospitable, munificent man; in short, as an ornament to society. He died July 6, 1804, leaving an estate of one hundred and twenty

thousand pounds sterling, to be inherited by four children. On our return from the mountain, we called and took tea at Mr. McGillevray's. Mrs. McGillevray delighted us highly by singing several Scottish songs in the true Scottish dialect and brogue. Mrs. Duane accompanied her with the harp. Mr. Gilmore this morning set off for Quebec in a packet; but his companion, Dr. Woodhouse, had become homesick, and resolved to make the best of his way back to Philadelphia.

Wednesday, August 7th. We had originally contemplated making an excursion from Montreal to Quebec, but many considerations induced us now to change our purpose. A passage by water would have been irksome, and one by land too fatiguing. We were told that, although the distance is one hundred and eighty miles, we could travel it in calashes and return in five days, allowing a day to spare at Quebec; but we had appropriated from the first only six weeks for our whole journey. More than a month of the time had now elapsed, and a passage across Lake Champlain was uncertain on account of the wind. We therefore concluded to return directly home. The many civilities and constant attention which we received at Montreal, not only from the gentlemen to whom our letters were addressed, but from their friends, rendered it impossible to leave the place without a sensible regret. On adjusting our concerns with Mr. Hamilton, the master of the hotel, we were surprised to find that our bill for five days' entertainment, including calash hire, washing, &c., amounted to but about eight dollars each.

At nine o'clock in the morning, we left Montreal with

Dr. Woodhouse, and crossed over to Longueuil, three miles. In this passage, we were delighted with the appearance of an island in the river, called Grant's Island. It contains several acres of land, mostly covered with wood, entirely free from underbrush. There are upon it a dwelling-house and appendages suitable for a gentleman of fortune, accommodated with a fine garden, a green-house, and a garden wall well set with fruit trees. At the lower end of the island is a large stone mill, which goes by the natural current of the river.

From Longueuil, we deviated a little to the northward of the direct course to St. John's, for the purpose of visiting the old French castle of Chambly, fifteen miles. This whole distance was over a plain, scarcely varied by a single inequality of surface, and covered with wheat, grass, and weeds, the latter of which, and particularly the Canada thistle, had obtained a decided superiority. The fields are covered with this pernicious plant, sometimes as far as the eye can reach; the atmosphere is tainted with its odor, and filled with its seeds, flying before the wind.

The French country houses are built at regular distances, of logs or stones, with thatched roofs. They are almost exactly alike, except in size. Near them you see their barns, constructed with equal uniformity. They are composed of split wood, fastened into grooves cut in posts, which are set perpendicularly in the ground. The oven belonging to a French house is commonly situated at some distance from it, upon a platform raised three or four feet from the ground. Sometimes it is placed on a stump.

At Chambly, we came to the outlet of Lake Cham-

plain, called the Chambly, Sorel, or Richelieu River, the latter of which names is the most common. Here are two considerable villages, one at some distance below the castle, towards the church, and the other just above it. On the opposite side of the river is another church and parish, called Point Olivet ; and a little further down on the west side is still another parish, called Belœil. The castle is a stone fabric, built by the French in 1711. It is about six or eight rods square, encompassing something more than a quarter of an acre of ground. It has four square towers, one at each corner, which are upwards of thirty feet high. The walls in general are about five feet less in height, and do not project so much. Many of the embrasures or apertures, originally left for firing through, have been closed up. It is situated at the water's edge, at the foot of the Long Rapids, so called, and has a majestic though rude appearance. The river here, for several miles above, is from one hundred rods to half a mile or more wide ; and where the water is broken, as it is for a mile or more in the rapids, it exhibits a very fine appearance. Having surmounted these obstructions, the river spreads out into a basin or small lake, just below the castle, a mile or more in each direction, from which it flows out by two channels, encompassing an island of considerable extent. Bateaux can come from Quebec as far up the river as the castle, but no further. Nor is it easy to make head against the stream, till you have passed up five or six miles further. When the water is high, you may by skilful management descend the rapids with rafts, and even with bateaux, in safety. When we were there, the water was so low that a canoe could scarcely pass without striking ; but we were told that it

sometimes rises as much as six feet higher. There is a garrison kept at the castle, consisting of a lieutenant and thirteen men. The French language and Canadian manners prevail even to this place, and French husbandry still spoils their beautiful fields.

To Cheesman's at St. John's, twelve miles. Our ride the whole of this distance was along the river bank, and of course very pleasant. We were of opinion that the volume of water passing here was equal to that in the Connecticut River at Bellows Falls. An island, two or three miles in length, divides the stream about half way between Chambley and St. John's. Above that, it is about half a mile wide, and runs at the rate of two miles an hour. St. John's is the most northerly place to which the vessels which ply on Lake Champlain approach, owing to the shallowness and rapidity of the water below. A ship-of-war is dismantled and laid up here; it has a shed built over its deck, to protect it from the weather, so that, if occasion should require, it might again be made serviceable. We found several vessels in the harbor, sloops and schooners,—viz., the "Constellation," "Hope," "Nancy," &c.,—waiting for a favorable wind. There are upon the lake fifteen or twenty vessels in all. They are employed in transporting passengers, in bringing potash, beef, pork, and various kinds of produce, and even articles of foreign merchandise, from the counties bordering on the lake, to this place, and in carrying back heavy foreign goods. One thousand pounds sterling has been collected in a year at the custom-house at St. John's, as a duty, on the single article of tea imported from the United States.

The village of St. John's stands on the west side of

the river, and contains about forty houses and three or four hundred people, besides the barracks, and a small garrison, consisting of a few artillery men and part of a company of infantry. There is but a single company of infantry allotted to the garrison here at Chambley, and at the Isle aux Noix, which is twenty miles further up the river. There is here neither meeting-house nor church, nor any provision made for the public exercise of religion. The inhabitants are mostly of English extraction, but the English and French languages are indiscriminately spoken. From Montreal to St. John's, as we came, was thirty miles. Had we come by the way of La Prairie, it would have been but twenty-seven; but nine miles of the distance would have been by water, that being the length of the ferry between the island of Montreal and La Prairie. The passage of this ferry would also have been in some degree against the direction of the current, so that we were told we could not effect it in less than four or five hours. What we lost therefore in distance we probably gained in time, and had moreover the pleasure of visiting the castle of Chambley, and of riding on the river banks all the way from thence to St. John's.

Having again mentioned Montreal, and probably for the last time, it may be proper to observe that the number of inhabitants in the city and suburbs is about ten or twelve thousand, nine tenths of whom are French; that it contains three nunneries, three Roman Catholic, and two or three other churches, a college, and several other public buildings. The city was formerly surrounded with a wall and ditch, but both have been long neglected, and would afford no protection in

case of an attack. It suffered considerably by a fire about two years since ; but it is fast recovering from that misfortune, and appears to be in a prosperous and flourishing state.

There is but little familiar intercourse between the English and French inhabitants. Very few of the French have much property or respectability. In general, they are ignorant, superstitious, prejudiced, mean-spirited, and slovenly. They are hardly to be distinguished in their complexion from the Indians, and in many things they even affect the Indian manners. They have an antipathy to the English, but a still greater one to the people of the United States, all of whom they call by the general name of Bostonians.

August 8th. We had intended embarking this morning on board some of the vessels here, bound for Burlington in Vermont ; but we had the mortification to find that the wind was south, and to learn that, while it continued there, it was impossible for us to get on in the common mode. It required considerable patience to be contented, and more ingenuity to find amusement in these circumstances. We had the consolation, however, of companions in trouble, there being several other travellers here as impatient to proceed up the lake as we were, and like us depending for their release from confinement upon that most uncertain of all things, the wind.

August 9th. This was a tedious day. The wind was still adverse, and likely so to continue. The people of the place told us that the wind here is almost invariably in the north or south, unless it blows a gale, and that it often continues in one direction a week or

ten days. This last piece of information exhausted the little patience we had left, and we therefore hired an open bateau and four hands to row it to Burlington Bay. A conveyance in this mode was neither so convenient nor cheap, but more certain than one by a packet.

August 10th. Having with the assistance of Mr. Cheesman, our innkeeper, furnished ourselves amply with comfortable stores for our voyage, and having also given in our names at the guard-house, and cleared out at the custom-house at the expense of twenty-five cents, we left St. John's without regret; not, however, without returning our thanks to Mr. Richardson, the trader, and Mr. McBeth, the collector of the customs, for their civilities and politeness. In a place so sequestered and dull, it is of double price; and it can nowhere be of more value than at St. John's, where there is but little society or amusement, where the surrounding fields, though cleared, are neither cultivated nor fenced, and where indolence seems to be the order of the day. As we had to contend both with the wind and current, our progress this day was slow. The shores of the river for several miles are so little elevated above the surface of the water that they are usually inundated in the spring season to a considerable extent on both sides, for which reason they are entirely unsettled. We landed on an uninhabited spot on the west side, nearly opposite to the Isle aux Noix. We were told that there was but a sergeant's guard upon the island, although it would require an army properly to garrison the works there.

The works themselves, although constructed at a great expense since the American war, appeared as we

passed, as did those at St. John's, to be in a very ruinous state. When the French possessed this country, to prevent annoyance or surprise from the English settlements, they used to keep an iron chain stretched from the Isle aux Noix to the mainland on each side. Part of the piles to which the chain was fastened on the west side are still to be seen.

It does not seem to be agreed at what place Lake Champlain terminates in the river Richelieu. Some say it is at Windmill Point, so called, which is in the town of Alburgh in Vermont, and others contend that the lake extends to St. John's. It is certain, however, that near the United States line, which is about twenty miles above St. John's, there is a perceptible current. At night, we reached Rouse's at Rouse's Point, so called, which is on the western side of the lake, in the township of Champlain and State of New York, twenty-four miles. Here we slept. Rouse is an Acadian Frenchman. He told us that he lived in Quebec when it was taken by Wolfe, and that he served as a guide to conduct the provincial troops under General Montgomery, in their attempt upon that city in the year 1775. He now resides on a tract of land granted him by the State of New York as a reward for that service. His wife is a Canadian Frenchwoman, by whom he has had twenty-four children, eight of whom are now alive. He did not make a very favorable impression upon us. He refused to permit his wife to go to mass in the morning, whipped one of his children severely for some offence, and charged us full price for our meals, although we furnished the materials ourselves except butter and milk, alleging as the reason that we ate in

his house. The house itself was but a log house. We slept in the only chamber, to which we ascended by a ladder.

Sunday, August 11th. In the morning, the wind blew with such violence ahead, attended with rain, that it prevented our departure till near eight o'clock. The situation of Rouse's Point is romantic. It commands an extensive view of the water, especially to the southward. As we proceeded up the lake, a more interesting and magnificent prospect unfolded on either hand. Instead of the unvaried level horizon to which we had for some time been accustomed, we now beheld the mountains of New York and Vermont lifting their heads in rude majesty to the clouds. We passed the Isle la Motte, North Hero, and South Hero, to the left; and the Great Chazy River, Little Chazy River, Chazy Point and village, a pleasant settlement, Point du Roche, where we dined on a rock, Cumberland Head and Bay, on the right. Plattsburgh, which is situated at the bottom of Cumberland Bay, is also a pleasant village. The bay which makes between Chazy Point and Cumberland Head extends some miles to the westward and northwestward. As we passed it, the wind blew out of it very fresh with a high and broken swell. Our course was almost exactly in the trough, and the bateau therefore rocked much. We were several miles from shore. The motion in itself was disagreeable; but the consideration, which under such circumstances it is impossible to suppress, that the shipping of a sea or the starting of a plank might be fatal to us, rendered the passage extremely unpleasant to me. Yet we saw several canoes, some of which seemed to be hardly more than hollow

logs, with spread sails proceeding in various directions from Cumberland Head. We were told that they had probably been to meeting at Plattsburgh, where public worship, for want of a more suitable building, is performed in the court-house.

South Hero, called also Grand Isle, exhibits a desirable country. It has a clean, gravelly, limestone beach, which rises gently from the water, and is agreeably variegated with luxuriant woods and cultivated farms. The houses are neat, and were generally surrounded with thrifty orchards and extensive fields of Indian corn and wheat. The large size of the barns we thought a proof of a productive soil. The circumstance of being obliged to pass three miles over water to get to the main seems to be the principal objection to living upon this favored island. Neither the North Hero nor the Isle la Motte is equally inviting; though each of those islands as well as South Hero constitutes a town. Towards night, the wind subsided; and, having cleared a considerable distance from Cumberland Head, we concluded to pass the narrow channel between the southern extremity of South Hero and Providence Island, which is the shortest course to Burlington Bay; whereas, had the wind continued, we should, by taking this course, have been in danger of drifting on to the eastern shore of the lake, before we could have gained the bay. At Cumberland Head is a custom-house. After we had passed it a few miles, we saw a sloop arrive and bring to there. We concluded this to have been the vessel belonging to Captain Smith, on board which we had engaged a passage, if the wind had permitted. Having with difficulty got out where the lake becomes broad, he was probably

able to beat ahead. We passed a low island, the island called Two Sisters, and Colchester Point. It was now night, but we had no alternative but to proceed. We next reached the first point which forms a part of Burlington Bay in its largest extent. This point is composed of solid rock, on which, however, a few small pines grow. It projects into the lake in a western and then in a southern direction, forming a kind of nook; for a considerable distance, it does not measure more than two or three rods across. Just before we reached this point, we were admiring the beauty of the evening and the surrounding scenery. The lake was perfectly serene. To the southward, we could discern no limits to the water. The nearer shores were mellow and picturesque, and the prospect on either hand was terminated by the mountains. The whole was made visible by the light of the moon, which was then at the full, and just risen. But scarcely had we made our remarks, when suddenly the glassy smoothness of the water was discomposed. A black cloud in the west assumed an indefinite and threatening appearance, the moon was obscured, all our lovely scenes vanished, and a copious shower poured down upon us, with as little mercy as if we had been ever so securely sheltered. On this occasion, our fellow-traveller, Dr. Woodhouse, although literally a professor of philosophy, lost it all. In about fifteen minutes, however, the rain ceased, the moon again shone forth in full splendor, the water and land reappeared, and all the charms of the evening were restored. Having doubled another point, we could discern the lights in the houses at the bottom of the bay, and at length, about eleven o'clock, reached the accus-

tomed landing-place. With devout gratitude for our preservation, we again found ourselves in New England. From Rouse's Point to Burlington is forty miles. We were fortunate enough to be directed by some persons whom we met in the streets to Holmes's Hotel, which proved to be an excellent house.

Monday, August 12th. Burlington contained upwards of two thousand inhabitants at the last census, since which time the number has considerably increased. The soil of this town is excellent, and the situation eligible. The beach of the lake is a clean, smooth sand ; the bank is bold, and the land rises with a gentle swell in a kind of amphitheatre, for near a mile from the water. The village is laid out in regular streets and squares, and contains a jail, a large, commodious court-house, a college, not yet finished, and about one hundred dwelling-houses, besides shops, stores, and other buildings. The college is yet in its infancy. We learned the number of scholars belonging to it was but fifteen, and that four only had as yet received degrees there. The new building, when completed, will accommodate sixty. It is most delightfully situated on the summit of the eminence, about a mile from the water, where it not only overlooks the village, but commands an extensive prospect both up and down the lake, and of the opposite shore and mountains.

The lake itself is here about fifteen miles wide. Its shores are in general abrupt and mountainous, whereas at its northern extremity the surrounding country is so low and flat that a rise in the lake of not more than three feet inundates a large extent of it. Many appearances in the vicinity of the lake concur to prove that in past ages the

water of it must have flowed about fifty feet higher than it now does. Before the St. Lawrence forced its present channel through the rocks near Quebec, Lake Champlain must have stood at the same elevation with that river; and, when the St. Lawrence subsided, Lake Champlain must of necessity have been drained also. We, this day, visited the Lower Falls, so called, in the Onion River, about four or five miles above its mouth. There is a bridge at this place, just below which the river projects into a deep transverse excavation in solid limestone, and runs off almost at right angles with its former course, in a channel not more than ten or fifteen feet wide. About a mile further up, where there is also a bridge, the river has forced a narrow passage through a remarkably fine limestone. On the southern side, the rock rises exactly perpendicular from the water, one hundred feet. The opposite shore is hardly so high or steep. From this place, a ledge of the finest limestone extends both ways, and forms the rim or shore of an extensive tract of meadow or interval land above the bridge, now under high cultivation, and which must have been covered with water as high as the ledge, before the river forced its way through the rock at the bridge.

Judge Staunton is the proprietor of this tract of land. His house, which is elegant, stands on an adjoining eminence. He began a settlement at this place before the late war, but abandoned it at the approach of Burgoyne's army, and did not return till the conclusion of peace. He can now boast one of the finest farms in New England. We next visited a mineral spring, which has been lately discovered about a mile from the village. It has been purchased by two physicians, who have cut a road

to it, and propose to erect a house for the accommodation of visitors in its neighborhood. Upon tasting the water, we perceived it to be slightly chalybeate, but did not think it possessed of any very valuable property. There must be more efficacy in a tumblerful of the Ballston water than in a gallon of this.

Tuesday, August 13th. The wind last night blew a tempest, and we were frequently awakened by the roaring of the lake, to rejoice that we were out of the reach of its fury, and no longer the sport of its caprice.

The stages run from Burlington towards Boston only on Fridays, and we therefore concluded to hire a Dutch wagon to transport us to Rutland. By the obliging offices of Dr. Crane, son-in-law of Mr. Holmes, who showed us great attention, we procured a wagon and driver, and this morning began our march. We reached Painter's, in the city of Vergennes, an excellent tavern to dine, twenty-one miles. The country between Burlington and Vergennes is very fine, agreeably diversified with gentle swells, and watered not only by the lake, but La Platt, Lewis's, Little Otter, and Otter Creeks. The forests are everywhere yielding to the axe, and are succeeded by cultivated fields. We were particularly struck by the contrast between the miserable husbandry and wretched habitations of Canada, and the judicious cultivation, excellent fences, extensive cornfields, large and flourishing orchards, and the commodious, and in many instances elegant, houses of Vermont. Vergennes exhibits a collection of handsome buildings, compact and well-arranged, in the midst of a country still retaining the marks of its original wilderness. The village, however, though intended for a city, and incorporated as

water of it must have flowed about fifty feet higher than it now does. Before the St. Lawrence forced its present channel through the rocks near Quebec, Lake Champlain must have stood at the same elevation with that river; and, when the St. Lawrence subsided, Lake Champlain must of necessity have been drained also. We, this day, visited the Lower Falls, so called, in the Onion River, about four or five miles above its mouth. There is a bridge at this place, just below which the river projects into a deep transverse excavation in solid limestone, and runs off almost at right angles with its former course, in a channel not more than ten or fifteen feet wide. About a mile further up, where there is also a bridge, the river has forced a narrow passage through a remarkably fine limestone. On the southern side, the rock rises exactly perpendicular from the water, one hundred feet. The opposite shore is hardly so high or steep. From this place, a ledge of the finest limestone extends both ways, and forms the rim or shore of an extensive tract of meadow or interval land above the bridge, now under high cultivation, and which must have been covered with water as high as the ledge, before the river forced its way through the rock at the bridge.

Judge Staunton is the proprietor of this tract of land. His house, which is elegant, stands on an adjoining eminence. He began a settlement at this place before the late war, but abandoned it at the approach of Burgoyne's army, and did not return till the conclusion of peace. He can now boast one of the finest farms in New England. We next visited a mineral spring, which has been lately discovered about a mile from the village. It has been purchased by two physicians, who have cut a road

to it, and propose to erect a house for the accommodation of visitors in its neighborhood. Upon tasting the water, we perceived it to be slightly chalybeate, but did not think it possessed of any very valuable property. There must be more efficacy in a tumblerful of the Ballston water than in a gallon of this.

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such, is neither so large nor flourishing as Burlington. The only public building at Vergennes is one erected for the accommodation of the legislature; and yet that honorable body have never thought fit to assemble there but once. The building itself is well constructed and handsome, but its beauty is much impaired by a slender and ill-constructed cupola, which rises from the centre of the roof. Otter Creek passes through the city. It is a respectable stream worthy to be called a river, and affords navigation from this place to the lake, which is distant four or five miles. In the afternoon, we resumed our journey. About eight miles from Vergennes, we passed the Otter Creek in Weybridge, at which place we saw the first meeting-house we had seen after leaving Bloomfield in New York. We had been advised to go as far as Chipman's tavern, four miles beyond Middlebury, to sleep; but, being belated, we were obliged to stop at the hotel, near the court-house, kept by Case,—a tolerable house. Thirteen miles from Vergennes, we repassed the creek. It is but nineteen years since this settlement at Middlebury was begun, and but eleven since the first framed house was raised in it.

Now the village contains one thousand inhabitants, one hundred dwelling-houses, most of which are handsome, and some of which are even splendid. Two attracted our notice in particular, one of them belongs to Daniel Chipman, Esq., a lawyer, and is said to be the best house in Vermont. The other, which cannot be much inferior, belongs to Mr. Warren, a clothier; it is of brick, handsomely adorned with marble, constructed with much taste, and situated in a romantic spot overlooking the creek. The village contains also an elegant

court-house, a prison, and a spacious college, in which are eighty students, exclusive of those in the academy connected with the college. It is but about two years since this seminary began to confer degrees. At present, it is supported by private donations, and the fees paid for tuition ; but the corporation intend, if possible, to obtain for the use of their institution a part of the lands now allotted by law for Burlington College.

The village of Middlebury is situated on both sides the Otter Creek, at a place where there is a remarkable fall of about twenty feet in the stream. It is to this circumstance that the place is probably indebted for its rapid growth ; for the water is made to work several grist-mills, saw-mills, clothing-mills, carding-machines, a forge, and a trip-hammer. But what attracted our more particular attention was a stone-mill, or machine for cutting marble into slabs. The quarry from which the blocks are taken is literally at the door, so that it requires much more of it to be cut away to afford a convenient passage into the mill. The marble is white, a little clouded, and has a very fine grain. The machine will cut a block into six or seven slabs at a single operation, in a quarter the time it would require two men to cut it once. The quarry was discovered and the machine erected within a year, by a Mr. Judd, the proprietor of them, who is confined within the prison yard for debt. He intends to transport the marble for sale to New York.

August 14th. Leaving Middlebury, we rode a few rods on a turnpike which they were constructing, leading to Woodstock, after which we travelled several miles through a charming country, along the bank of

Otter Creek. We then passed Middlebury River, after that the Leicester River in Salisbury. Rocks of the marble kind abound in all this region in vast masses. Quarries and even whole mountains of it are found also in Rutland, of a quality said to be even superior to that of Middlebury. Hitherto it has been wrought only by hand. There seems to be a range of country west of the Green Mountains, extending from Pittsford to Burlington and Jericho, in which marble abounds more or less. Has any ever been discovered eastward from the Green Mountains? It is akin to limestone, and seldom or never found without it. Lime itself is not very common in Massachusetts, and has never been met with till lately; and now but in one place in New Hampshire. It is the prevailing stone in the western part of Vermont.

We reached Woodward's in Leicester, an excellent house, to breakfast, twelve miles. It is but twelve years since this place was cleared. Now here are smooth fields, fine orchards, large houses and barns, and excellent fences,—objects not to be met with in those parts of Canada which have been cultivated half a century. The forests on the western side of Vermont are chiefly of hard wood.

To Widow Keith's in Pittsford, twelve miles. This woman keeps a good tavern. Although she is called a widow, she has a husband; but he is a miserable sot, and therefore the sign still retains, and the house is still called by, her former name.

To Harry Gould's in Rutland, eight miles, to dine. I walked this stage, and by mistaking the road made it ten miles. Our fare at Gould's was rather ordinary.

Rutland is a pleasant village, containing a meeting-house, state-house, and about one hundred dwelling-houses, forming one street, extending north and south near a mile in length. The burying-ground here is remarkable for its neatness, and for the elegance of its grave and tomb stones, which are of marble, and arranged in the most exact order. Leaving Rutland, we travelled a few miles still on level ground; then, bending a little to the left, we took leave of Otter Creek, and began, though almost insensibly, to rise into higher ground. Without perceiving any considerable ascent, we at length found ourselves among the mountains, several of which, of very respectable magnitude, arose near us on either hand. Our road, which was now turnpike, was alongside of a small stream, tributary to the Otter Creek, which has excavated for itself a channel of prodigious depth. At the place where it breaks out into the open country, it seems to have forced a passage literally through the mountain. This channel, as nearly as we could ascertain from the road, at the distance of half a mile, is not more than two or three rods wide at bottom, yet the banks are almost perpendicular, and more than two hundred feet high.

To Finney's in Shrewsbury, a tolerable house, to sleep, nine miles. Here we overtook the mail-stage which runs from Rutland to Walpole. Fortunately, it was empty. We engaged our passage in it, and dismissed our Burlington wagon, the driver of which appeared to be tired of his journey, and we were as heartily tired of him.

August 15th. Rose at four o'clock, and pursued our

journey. In Mount Holly, distant about fifteen miles south-eastward from Rutland, we passed the height of land, and very soon after perceived a stream, the head of Black River, running an easterly course towards Connecticut River. This was the first water we had seen, after leaving the Mohawk, which does not discharge itself into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As before reaching the height of land we had not been conscious of any remarkable ascent, so neither did we afterwards perceive any very considerable descent. The road is made as near to the side of the streams as possible, and is in general pretty good. In some places where it is made along the mountain side, there are frightful precipices to the stream below. Many thriving settlements are to be seen among the mountains. The soil in general is strong and productive, and much more free from rocks than the interior of New Hampshire.

To Dutton's, a very good house, in Cavendish, to breakfast, eighteen miles. Passing the Black River near Dutton's house, we travelled over a long hill, and soon after came to the bank of Williams River, the course of which we pursued till we came to Connecticut River. From Dutton's to Bellows Falls is twenty-two miles; from thence to Southard's in Walpole is four miles. Our whole journey this day was forty-four miles. That pernicious weed, the Canada thistle, seems to be approaching the sea-coast; for we saw it even after crossing the Connecticut River.

At Walpole, we began to realize our proximity to home, by meeting with people of our acquaintance, and by finding late Boston newspapers, especially the "Centinel" of the preceding day. Southard keeps a good house.

August 16th. The stage does not go from this place towards Boston till Saturday morning. We were therefore to find amusement in Walpole for this day. We spent the morning in devouring the contents of the late newspapers which we found here, a species of entertainment to which we had long been strangers. Having taken an early dinner, in the afternoon we went to pay a visit to Mr. Geyer at the Falls. He received and entertained us very politely. His house is spacious, neat, and genteelly furnished, and his garden is handsome and well improved. His accommodations seem the more agreeable from being contrasted with the rudeness of the surrounding scenery. Nature seems to exhibit herself here in an undress. Immediately behind the house, the mountain rises in a nearly perpendicular precipice five or six hundred feet. In front, the Connecticut River is compressed to less than a rod in extent by the rocks, through which it forces its way in a very irregular channel, with great impetuosity.

When Mr. Geyer was about building his house, he had contracted with a man in his neighborhood for the stones for his cellar; but a very unexpected supply superseded the contract. A shower loosened a mass of the rock from the brow of the mountain behind the house, so that it fell to the bottom of the precipice, and rolled to the very edge of the cellar, which proved to be fully sufficient for the walls of it. From Mr. Geyer's contiguity to the mountain, I should think that he would sometimes entertain apprehensions that similar phenomena might again happen, when the fragments might roll a little further, and would therefore be much less acceptable. Rattlesnakes abound in this mountain.

We descended the river bank, and passed dry shod to the brink of the stream at the Falls, over beds of rock, which during the freshets are covered. This cataract, considerable as it is, when compared with that at Niagara seems perfectly contemptible. Notwithstanding the uncommon firmness of the rock here, there are many cylindrical excavations in it of great size and depth. Some of them are ten feet in diameter, and twelve or fifteen feet deep. Major Williams and myself successively descended into one which was dry. It was six feet deep, and eighteen inches in diameter at top, but broader near the bottom. It would be a very secure hiding-place.

Connecticut River, as well as the St. Lawrence, heretofore flowed much higher than it now does. The spot where Mr. Geyer's house stands was probably alluvial, and the foot of the mountain behind it was washed by the current. Many of the rocks here and in the vicinity, which are now far above the reach of the water, retain marks of its operations. This consideration accounts for the different strata of interval lands on its banks.

The foot of Bellows Falls was formerly a celebrated place for the salmon and shad fishing. It was the highest part of the river to which the shad ascended; but a dam which has within a few years been built across the river, about forty miles below, at Montagne, has so entirely obstructed the passage of the fish that not a salmon or a shad has since been taken above it.

The canal by Bellows Falls, with the mills and water-works upon it, is the property of Colonel Atkinson, of New York. They have cost him ninety thousand dol-

lars, but do not yield an equivalent income. These works have a rough and clumsy appearance, and seem not to have been well designed or executed. At evening, we returned to Southard's.

Saturday, August 17th. At five o'clock this morning, we took our departure from Walpole in the Groton stage. From the high ground over which the road passes, between that place and the point where you have a very extensive prospect of the south-eastern quarter of Vermont, the surface is extremely mountainous and irregular. These inequalities, though on a larger scale, bear a resemblance to what one may suppose would be the appearance of the ocean, if during a tempest it were suddenly to become solid.

To Holbrook's in Keene, a very good house, to breakfast, thirteen miles. The third New Hampshire turnpike which leads from Walpole to Boston, and on which we were now travelling, is a very great improvement upon the old road. Some of the worst hills, however, over which it passes might have been avoided, and the corporation have it now in contemplation to alter the course for that purpose.

To Danforth's in Jaffrey, to dine, sixteen miles; a poor house. Here, almost for the first time during our journey, we had occasion to complain of the bad quality of the bread. In the very depths of the forests through which we had passed, we had uniformly found good bread. It is also worthy of remark that in all the new settlements the flavor of the meat is remarkably fine. The mutton in particular, both in grain and taste, has a striking resemblance to venison. In our last stage, we passed several miles along the foot of the Monad-







